BURY-FAIR.

C. XVII

A

COMEDY,

ACTED by His

Majesty's Servants.

Written

By *THO. SHADWELL,*

[illegible] Majesty.

[illegible]DON,

[illegible] in

[illegible]

TO

CHARLES

EARL of

DORSET and *MIDDLESEX*, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Houshold, Lord Lieutenant of *Sussex*; and one of the most Honourable Privy Council.

MY LORD,

I Who have been so long and so continually oblig'd by your Lordship, have ever fresh Occasions of acknowledging your Favour and Bounty to me, and cannot be silent of the late great Honour you have done me, in making me the King's Servant; but must publish my Gratitude for that, and all the rest of the great Obligations I have receiv'd. Your Lordship not only makes use of your own Power, but of that which the King has entrusted you with, to do good to Mankind, which you ever delighted in. And as I am apt to believe, that no Man had ever a great Office conferr'd upon him with more Favour from his Prince, so I am well assured no Man ever receiv'd one with a more general liking of the People than your Lordship. Nothing but the Service of so Great and Gracious a

King, who so miraculously redeem'd us, and since makes all our Interests his own, could recompence you for the happy Retirement you might enjoy, and wherein you so much delight.

This Play, my Lord, I humbly submit to your Lordships Judgment. I can write nothing worthy of your Acceptance; but I hope your Lordship will give some Indulgence to this, since it was Written during eight Months painful Sickness, wherein all the several Days in which I was able to Write any part of a Scene, amounted not to one Month, except some few which were employ'd in indispensable Business. This is indeed no Excuse in any one who does not Write for Necessities of Life.

The Play has met with a Kind Reception *from all for ought I hear, but some of the late Loyal Poets, above whose Censure I esteem my self; and from some who are still so fond of the Doctrine of* Passive Obedience *and* Non-resistance, *that they think it a Profanation to bring the very words into a Comedy.*

These are so weak to mistake that for a Point of Divinity, which is indeed a Point of Law; and some of the most vigorous Maintainers of that Doctrine, have seen their Errour, and not only left off professing it, but have wisely and justly Contradicted it in their Practice,

Slice, by assisting towards our late wonderful Deliverance. And sure there is no need of any great measure of understanding to find out, that, when the Compact on which Government is founded is broken, and those very Laws destroy'd, which were made to secure the People in their Estates, Liberty and Religion, the Law of Nature must take place, which not only permits, but obliges Mankind to Self-defence.

I never could Recant in the worst of Times, when my Ruine was design'd, and my Life was sought, and for near Ten years I was kept from the exercise of that Profession which had afforded me a competent Subsistence, and surely I shall not now do it, when there is a Liberty of speaking Common Sence, which tho' not long since forbidden, is now grown Current.

I humbly beg your Lordship's Pardon for the trouble of this Epistle, who am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obliged

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Lord Bellamy,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Mr. Wildiſh,	Mr. *Mountfort.*
Mr. Oldwit,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Sir Humph. Noddy,	Mr. *Noukes.*
Mr. Trim,	Mr. *Bowman.*
La Roch,	Mr. *Leigh.*
Valet to Mr. Wildiſh,	Mr. *Bohen.*
Charles, *Page to my Lord* Bellamy,	Mrs. *Butler.*
Lady Fantaſt, *Wife to Mr.* Oldwit,	Mrs. *Cory.*
Mrs. Fantaſt, *Daughter to my Lady* Fantaſt *by a Former Husband,*	Mrs. *Boutell.*
Mrs. Gertrude, Oldwit's *Daughter by a former Wife,*	Mrs. *Mountfort.*

Luce, *Mrs.* Fantaſt's *Woman.*

Four Ladies.

Butler.

Nicolas, *Servant to* La Roch.

Page to La Roch.

Milliner, Perfumer, Hoſier, Goldſmith, Indian-Gown Man, two Jack-Puddings. Gingerbread-Woman; Fruit Women, Country Fellows and Wenches, Conſtable and his Guard, Servants and Footmen.

SCENE St. *EDMUNDS-BURY.*

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Mountfort.*

TO what hard Laws you Comick Writers bind,
Who muſt at every turn new humour find;
Tho' the great Maſters of the former Age,
Had all the choice of humour for the Stage:
And they that plenteous Harveſt reap'd ſo clean,
Their Succeſſors can little elſe but glean.
Frolick, and Cockwood *yet were good and new,*
And the Plain-dealer, and Sir Foplin *you*
Have ſeen, and juſtly have applauded too.
Our Author ſome new humour did produce,
But look not for an unexhauſted Cruſe.
The task each day grows harder than before;
For as good Poets have brought forth great ſtore,
So Fellows of no Genius, *with much Toil,*
Still Sweat for humour, which they always ſpoil:
And by their hints good Comick *Pens prevent,*
As Whelps ſtanch Hounds, by ſoyling of the ſcent.
These wretched Poetitos, *who got praiſe*
For writing moſt confounded Loyal *Plays,*
With viler, courſer Jeſts than at Bear-Garden,
And ſilly Grubſtreet *Songs worſe than* Tom Farthing.
If any Noble Patriot *did excel*
His own, *and* Country's Rights *defending well,*
These yelping Currs *were ſtraight loo'd on to bark,*
On the deſerving Man *to ſet a mark.*
Thoſe abject, fawning Paraſites *and* Knaves,
Since they were ſuch, would have all others Slaves.
'Twas precious Loyalty *that was thought fit*
To attone for want of Honeſty *and* Wit.
No wonder Common Sence *was all cry'd down,*
And Noiſe *and* Nonſence *ſwagger'd thro' the* Town.
Our Author *then oppreſt, would have you know it,*
Was Silenc'd for a Non-conformiſt *Poet:*

In

In thoſe hard times *he bore the utmoſt* teſt,
And now he Swears he's Loyal *as the beſt.*
Now Sirs, ſince Common Sence *has won the day,*
Be kind to this, as to his laſt years Play.
His Friends *ſtood firmly to him when* diſtreſs'd;
He hopes the number is not now decreas'd:
He found eſteem from thoſe he valued moſt,
Proud of his Friends, *he of his* Foes *could boaſt.*
To all you, Bury Sparks, *he bid me ſay*
That every Part *is* Fiction *in his* Play;
Particular Reflections *there are none,*
Our Poet knows not one in all your Town.
If any has ſo very little Wit
To think a Fop's *dreſs can his Perſon fit,*
E'en let him take it, and make much of it.

BU-

BURY-FAIR.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Wildish *and his Valet dressing him.*

Val. NOW I hope, Sir, you will acknowledge you see a sweet Town, clean, and finely Scituated, in a delicate Air; here I was Born, here I Suck'd my first Breath.

Wild. Thus every Coxcomb is big with the praise of the Country and Place of his Nativity.

Val. All the World says as much of St. *Edmand's Bury.*

Wild. There is indeed some Truth in this; but 'tis not thou, but the Town, is in the right: for thou wou'dst have recommended the Air of the worst Town in the Hundreds of *Essex*, had'st thou Suck'd thy first breath in it, as thou sayest. But one thing I can tell of thy Town, That it can produce a Blockhead.

Val. You may say what you please of me, Sir, but there are so many fine Gentlemen and Ladies, so Gallant, and so well bred, we call it little *London*; and it out-does St. *James's Square*, and all the Squares, in Dressing and Breeding; nay, even the Court it self, under the Rose.

Wild. I doubt not, but they are given to out-do, as all Imitators are.

Val. Well, you *London* Wits, will never give any Man, nor any thing, a good Word.

Wild. You impudent Rascal! Wit, say you! What, do you call me Names? I had as leive be call'd a Pick-pocket, as a Wit. A Wit is always a Merry, Idle, Waggish Fellow, of no Understanding: Parts indeed he has, but he had better be without 'em: Your solid Fop is a better Man; he'll be Diligent and Fawning, always in the way, and with his Blockhead do his business at last; but your Wit will either neglect all Opportunities for Pleasure, or if he brings his business into a hopeful way, he will laugh at, or draw his Wit upon some great Man or other, and spoil all.

Val. Wou'd I were a Wit for all that. But to give you an Example of the Wit and Breeding of our Town; there is the Lady *Fantast*, and her Daughter.

Wild. The moſt perpetual, impertinent, pratling, conceited, affected Jades, that ever plagu'd Mankind.

Val. Mercy on me! Impertinent! Why, they're the Flower of *Bury*. Is not the young Lady a Beauty too?

Wild. I muſt confeſs, God has given her one good Face; but by her moſt inſupportable Affectation, ſhe ſcrews it into twenty bad ones. She has naturally a good Complexion, becoming good Features; and ſhe, by Art, makes her Face look like a new White Wall with a Red Lettice.

Val. I hope, you'll grant Mr. *Oldwit* is a fine Facetious, Witty, Old Gentleman, my Lady *Fantaſt*'s Husband.

Wild. Almoſt as arrant an Aſs, as thou art. He is a paltry Old-faſhion'd Wit, and Punner of the laſt Age; that pretends to have been one of *Ben Johnſon*'s Sons, and to have ſeen Plays at the *Blackfryers*.

Val. You'll be Ston'd in the Streets, Sir, if you talk thus in *Bury*. I warrant, you will not allow Sir *Humphrey Noddy* to be a Wit, and a fine Gentleman.

Wild. A Blunt, Noiſy, Laughing, Roaring, Drinking Fellow; as troubleſome as a Monky, and as Witleſs as a Jackdaw. He is, at beſt, but a Wag.

Val. Well, Sir, ſay what you pleaſe, he is a fine Gentleman, and will make a Man burſt a Vein to keep him Company; he has Wit at will, that's certain.

Wild. If the Rogue had no more Money at will, he'd dye in a Ditch.

Val. Will no body at *Bury* pleaſe you? What think you of Mr. *Trim*? he's accounted the fineſt Gentleman in all *Bury*, for Breeding and Civility, and the like.

Wild. Now you have hit on't: He is a moſt Compleat, and finiſh'd Fop: Nature has not been negligent, nor Art been Idle, in his Compoſition. He is very Wiſe, Reſerv'd, full of Forms, and empty of Subſtance; all Ceremony, and no Sence: more troubleſomly ill-bred with his Formality, than a High-ſhoo'd Peaſant with his Roughneſs. Sir *Noddy* and he are two excellent Fops in Conſort!

Val. Fops! Mercy upon me! You will be accounted a Mad-man, if you talk thus at *Bury*.

Wild. Yes, among Fools.

Val. Why, they are thoſe that carry all the Town before 'em.

Wild. No doubt on't, I never knew a Town yet, wherein the Fops do not carry all before 'em: They are a numerous, Impudent, and Noiſy Party; while the Wiſe and Ingenious are Few, Modeſt and Reſerv'd. There are Men of Wit, Honour, and Breeding; and Women of great Wit, Beauty, and Ingenuity, and Well-bred too, in this Town, which is really a ſweet Town; but theſe pretend to nothing: Your pretenders never have any thing in 'em.

Enter Mr. Trim.

Val. Hold, Sir, here is Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. Sweet Mr. *Wildiſh*! I am your moſt humble Servant; and cannot but congratulate thoſe auſpicious Stars that brought you hither, to render this Town, and your Friends in it, happy by your preſence. [Trim *ſtands jetting*

Wild. You do me Honour, Sir. *out his Bum, and bowing all the while.*

Trim.

Trim. Coming abroad to participate of the freſhneſs of the Morning, among our *Bury* Gallants; the thrice fortunate rencounter with one of your Train, put me in mind of paying that Tribute of my Service which I long have wiſh'd to pay: But my wiſhes have often been fruſtrated, for want of that happy opportunity of kiſſing your hands, which I now enjoy.

Wild. Your great Civilities are ſurpriſing; really your Generoſity is as much beyond my expectation, as it is above my Merit. What an Engine is this Fop. *aſide.*

Trim. It is impoſſible that we of *Bury*, who I may ſay with modeſty enough, have no ſmall Fame for Breeding and Civility, can ever be ſo obnoxious to that Stupidity, or neglect of either, as not to value the great Honour done to us, and the cohoneſtation of us, by your arrival at *Bury* at this time of the Fair: Which will add to the wonted gayety and Splendour of the Place and Seaſon.

Wild. You aſtoniſh me, with your moſt admirable Addreſs, and Complaiſance: and I think there lives not, among the race of Mankind, a perſon more skilful in all Decencies of Behaviour, compleatneſs of Expreſſion, Geſtures of Body, Modulations of Voice, and all thoſe Arts of Modiſh Gallantry, which might render a man the Mirror of Courts, and the Wonder and Example of all other places. *aſide.* A pox on this Fool in a Frame!

Val. Rarely done on both ſides! Oh how their Tongues are hung!

Wild. Be pleas'd to ſit.

Trim. Oh Lord, Sir, while you are on your Feet! Sure I can never live to be blotted with that odious Soloeciſm in Manners. Nay, Sir, I beſeech you.

They ſit down; but Trim *ſtrives to ſit down laſt.*

Wild. Sir, you will catch cold.

Trim. I had rather catch any thing, than the Infamy of ill Breeding.

Wildiſh *makes ſigns to put his Hat on, and takes his own up.* Trim *ſtrives again who ſhall put on his Hat laſt.*

Wild. Well, Sir, how ſtand Affairs at *Bury?*

Trim. Singularly well, Sir; the amenity of our Scituation, together with the equal Temperature of the Climate, produces in us that ſerenity of Mind, that *Bury* ſeems to be the Habitation of the Graces and the Muſes.

Wild. Bury indeed ſeems to be the Scene of Beauty, Wit and Breeding.

Trim. 'Tis a great Honour to us, to hear this pronounc'd by a Perſon, who is no leſs Eminent in Wit, than celebrated for Humanity, and Decency of Deportment.

Wild. A Pox on this Puppy! Two ſuch more, wou'd drive me out of *Bury*, before I ſee my Miſtreſs, the Creature of the World I am moſt paſſionately in Love with.

Trim. You, that make ſo noble a Figure among the nimble and quick Spirits of the Age, and are ſuch a Top Wit, that all *England* rings out your Fame!

Wild. Pr'y thee, Mr. *Trim*, what e're you do, don't call me a Wit; 'tis good for nothing in this Age, but to undo a Man: I ſhall be hunted for a Wild Beaſt. But pray, what Lady rides Admiral here at *Bury?*

Trim. O Lord! who ſhou'd, but Madam *Fantaſt*, the ſweet Lady *Fantaſt*'s Daughter? a Paragon of Beauty, and a Mirror of Wit and Breeding! at once the Envy and Wonder of the Sex and Age! She bears the Flag of Wit and

Breeding on the main Topſail of her Beauty. (A pretty Trope! *Aſide*)

Wild. How does Mr. *Oldwit's* young Daughter? I ſaw her in *London* laſt *Eaſter*-Term: She is the prettieſt Charming Creature my Eyes ever beheld!

Trim. She is indeed a pretty Bud of Beauty: and if ſhe Bloſſoms under the Sun-ſhine of my Lady *Fantaſt's* Favour, and her Daughters Example, ſhe will flouriſh; otherwiſe not.

Wild. Very conciſe and dogmatical. *Aſide.* You are a great Servant of Mrs. *Fantaſt's*. *To him.*

Trim. I, I am her humble Admirer, her Adorer: I call her *Dorinda*, and ſhe honours me with the name of *Eugenius*. I viſit her daily.

Wild. Nick-names and Viſits! then there's ſomewhat more between you, ifaith Mr. *Trim.*

Trim. Upon my Honour, nothing but a certain creeping correſpondence; a Converſation that favours ſomewhat of Gallantry, mix'd now and then with Ombre, Crimp, Comet, or Incertain; and ſometimes we read an Author, or ſo.

Wild. Or ſo! Hark in your Ear.

Trim. Sir, I am aſtoniſh'd to think I ſhoud be obnoxious to that Infelicity to be ſo miſtaken: and I muſt tell you, Sir, I ſcorn your words.

Wild. I did not think it had been a Diſhonour to a man to lye with a pretty woman.

Trim. I woud not for the whole World: Nor ever did. Miſtake me not, unleſs I were Married.

Wild. What a Devil do we all run after 'em, and keep 'em company for, and Dance, and play the Fool, but *in ordine ad?*

Trim. I viſit all the Ladies for their Converſation, for the excellence of their Converſation.

Wild. Converſation! That is ſo frivolous, it were not to be born, but for ſomething elſe that ſhall be nameleſs: and I'll tell you one thing, Mr. *Trim*, That any Woman you keep company with, who does not think you have a mind to lye with her, will never forgive you, to my knowledge.

Trim. Their Converſation does infinitely tranſcend mens, I aſſure you: I have ſtudy'd the Sex.

Wild. I'll tell you one thing more: That you muſt never be alone with a Woman, but you muſt offer, or ſhe knows you care not for her: Five to one but ſhe grants: But if ſhe does not care for you, but denies, ſhe's certain by that you care for her, and will eſteem you the better ever after.

Trim. Oh uncharitable Sentence!

Wild. Come, you and I'll ſup together, and be merry; and two or three Bottles will make you freer, and more open-hearted.

Trim. I never Sup: We of the better Rank never Sup, at *Bury*.

Wild. How? not Sup!

Trim. No. [*Enter Mr.* Oldwit, *and Sir* Humphrey Noddy, *ſtealing in.*

Wild. Nor drink a Bottle?

Trim. Never between Meals: We do indeed divert our ſelves with ſome Milk-Pottage in the Evening; that's all.

Sir Hum. Now, now this Rogue's my Rival: I ſhall Teaſe him, ere I have done

done with him. [*He plucks the Chair from under* Trim; *and gives him a Deviliſh fall:* Oldwit *and he laugh immoderately.*

Oldw. Sir *Humphrey*, forbear; I pray forbear: You'll be the death of me.

Wild. How now? what, will not this Fool cut the other Fool over the Pate? Shall I have no Sport with 'em?

Old. I ſhall break a Vein, if I keep you company, you arch Wag you. Mr. *Wildiſh*, I am come to kiſs your hands: you are welcome to *Bury*-Fair.

Wild. Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant: you honour me with this Viſit.

Sir *Hum.* Dear *Ned*, let me kiſs thee! Ah, *Ned*, that night I ſaw thee at *Newmarket*!

Wild. Which was the firſt night I ever ſaw the Puppy.

Sir Hum. I ſhall never forget it. Ah, 'twas the merrieſt Night! [*aſide.*

Wild. Ay, 'twas ſo: we talk'd of nothing but Cocks, Dogs, and Horſes.

Sir Hum. Not a word. 'Twas the braveſt Night! But I was too hard for, and out vapour'd all the Jockeys and Cockers; and after that I hunted over a bottle. Here Jowler; hey Venus! and we roared ſo till four in the Morning; that, Gad take me, between you and me, I was deaf on both Ears for three weeks after; I have ſcarce recover'd one Ear yet. I would give Fifty pound for ſuch another night.

Trim. Sir, I muſt tell you, your Deportment is very undecent, and ſavours much of ill Breeding: And I wou'd deſire you wou'd pleaſe to explain your ſelf, in this particular.

Sir Hum. Puh! Waggery, meer Waggery. Dear *Jack*, kiſs me: Honeſt *Jack*, I love to be familiar with my Friends. *Jack*, *Jack*, dear *Jack*! nowns *Jack*!

Trim. Jack, *Jack*, *Jack*! Familiar! I muſt tell you, Sir, I cannot brook the Roughneſs of your Demeanour; the conſequences whereof may produce thoſe effects, as may not be agreeable to thoſe decencies requir'd in Converſation. But I ſhall at preſent take my leave, and viſit Ladies, Sir, I kiſs your hands.

Wild. Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Trim. Mr. *Oldwit*, I am your moſt faithful Servant.

Old. Your Servant, ſweet Mr. *Trim*. Well, Sir *Humphrey Noddy*, go thy ways; thou art the Archeſt Wit and Wag! I muſt forſwear thy Company: thou'lt kill me elſe.

Sir Hum. Hang't, a pox on't, what is this World worth, without wit, and waggery, and Mirth? I love to be merry.

Wild. Plague on him; his Mirth is the melancholieſt thing in the world. [*aſide.*

Sir Hum. You ſaw, Mr. *Wildiſh*, how I run down Fellows at *Newmarket*, with my Jeſts and my Tricks: They took me for a Put; but I out-roar'd 'em all, i'faith, and cou'd have put them all in a Mouſe-hole.

Wild. How does my Lord, your dear Friend, and Patron?

Sir Hum. Oh, Sir, his Lordſhip is in good Health. He is no body without we poor Man: he loves Wit, and good Company; I'll tell you, I'll tell you——

Old. Now we ſhall hear ſome Wit and Waggery!

Sir Hum. 'T'other day we were a Hunting, and at a cold Scent; one of his

Gentlemen

Gentlemen being alighted, ſtood by a Plaſh of Water: I ſneak'd behind, and puſh'd him, I vow to Gad, up to the Knees. [Oldwit *is big with Laughter, then roars out.*

Old. Good, Good: Ha, ha, ha.

Sir. Hum. Ha, ha, ha. But, if you had ſeen his Lordſhip laugh: the Water trickled down his Honours Cheeks: then one *Jeremy* ſtood ſtaring; I called him loudly and ſuddenly, and held my Fingers thus: he turn'd ſuddenly, and hit his Noſe ſuch a Bump, that all the Blood guſhed out. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Look you there: Ha, ha. ha. Well, well.

Sir Hum. But if you had ſeen his Honour Chuckle and Laugh, till he was black in the Face! I twirl'd another Fellows Hat over a little River, that was not Navigable; and he was forc'd to go a Mile about to fetch it: I thought my Lord wou'd have kill'd himſelf! He deſired me at laſt to forbear; he was not able to endure it.

Wild. My Lord is a very merry Man.

Sir Hum. Ay, Gad take me, as any's upon the face of the Earth. But, how goes VVit at *London*?

Old. You are the chief Genius, the high VVit of the Age.

Wild. Prithee, Mr. *Oldwit*, lay not that to my charge; you had as good accuſe me of Felony.

Old. Ne're talk of that, your Pen has betray'd you; and we look upon you here, to be the choiceſt VVit of the Times.

Sir Hum. And, i'faith, we can ſhow you VVit at *Bury* too.

Wild. VVhat, a Devil, you wont make a VVit of me, in ſpight of my Teeth, will you?

Old. No, Nature has made you a VVit. VVhy do you take it ill? I think it the greateſt Honour can be done to a Man. I my ſelf, ſimple as I ſtand here, was a VVit in the laſt Age: I was created *Ben Johnſon's* Son, in the *Apollo*. I knew *Fletcher*, my Friend *Fletcher*, and his Maid *Joan*: VVell, I ſhall never forget him, I have Supp'd with him, at his Houſe, on the *Bankſide*: He lov'd a fat Loyn of Pork of all things in the VVorld: and *Joan*, his Maid, had her Beerglaſs of Sack; and we all kiſs'd her, i'faith, and were as merry as paſs'd.

VVild. This was enough to make any Man a VVit.

Old. Puh! this was nothing. I was a Critick at *Blackfriers*; but at *Cambridge*, none ſo great as I, with *Jack Cleaveland*: But *Tom Randol* and I were Hand and Glove: *Tom* was a brave Fellow; the moſt Natural Poet!

Sir Hum. They were brave Fellows, but you VVits now a days, out-top them all.

VVild. Zounds, I will have nothing to do with VVit, I tell you!

Old. Pſhaw, pſhaw! but I was telling you, you have ſeen many pretty things, that were written in thoſe Times, that were mine. For Example: One Mr. *Murial*, a Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall*, had a Horſe dyed; I writ this upon it.

Now Cruel Mors
Has ta'n the Horſe
Of Mr. Murjal:
Ye Scholars all,
Of Pembroke-Hall,
Come to his Burial.

Ha!

Ha! hum! hum! Nay, I was good at Epitaphs, both of Man and Beast.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; admirable good, i'faith, Mr. *Oldwit!*

VVild. VVhy, this was VVit all over! You were an errant VVit!

Old. And that Tranſlation too was mine.

Mittitur in diſco mihi Piſcis ab Archiepiſco
Po, non ponatur quia potus non mihi datur.

I ſent a Fiſh,
In a great Diſh,
To the Archbiſh.
Hop *was not there,*
Becauſe he gave me no Beer.

[*Sir* Hum. *ſneaks behind, and pins him and* VVild. *together.*

VVas not that Lucky? Ha? humh? anon?

Wild. Moſt incomparable:

Old. I was ſuch a Rakehell, I wou'd needs be a Wit. My Friends ſoon perceiv'd I cou'd not be a Divine; ſo they ſent me to the Inns of Court, and there, i'faith, I pepper'd the Court with Libels and Lampoons: my Wit was ſo bitter, I ſcap'd the Pillory very narrowly, between you and I. But then, for good Language, and ſtrong Lines, none out did me.

Wild. Why, thou wert a moſt Plaguy Wit indeed!

Old. Ay, Faith: and the Poets were ſo in awe of me! You muſt know, I was a deviliſh biting Fellow: VVhy, we had a couple of your Poets here: Sir *Humphrey*, and I made nothing of 'em, i'faith.

Sir Hum. Gad take me, they were but ſilly Fellows: and yet, they ſay, they were Cock Poets.

Wild. That may very well be: we have Poets, as pretty Fops as any about Town; and are fitter for Subjects of Comedies, than Authors of any thing.

Enter Oldwit's *Man.*

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Bellamy* is come to Town: and my Lady bid me tell you, ſhe has invited him to Dinner.

Old. Ha! my Lord come to *Bury!* Gad forgive me, what's the matter? ha?

VVild. VVhat's this? what, are we link'd together?

Old. Oh, you wag, you wag; this is Sir *Humphrey!* Ha, ha, ha. You'l never give over.

Sir Hum. No, faith; not I.

Old. Go home: I'll follow you. [*Exit Servant.*

Mr. *Wildiſh*, pray Honour my Houſe at Dinner.

VVild. I will, my Lord *Bellamy's* my great Friend.

Old. You ſhall have Sir *Humphrey* too; i'faith, we'l be merry, and turn the Houſe out of the VVindow.

Sir Hum. And I will Roar, Roar moſt exceedingly.

Old. Your humble Servant.

Sir Hum. Your Servant, Sir, we ſhall ſee you? [*Exit* Hum. *and* Old.

VVild. I will wait on you. Here, *Roger* my Gloves, Handkerchief, and my Sword. My dear *Bellamy* in Town! This is a happineſs I dream'd not of:

I thought he had been retir'd from the VVorld, and wou'd not come to ſo publick a place. You Puppy, theſe are your VVits, and fine Gentlemen, I have been Plagu'd with! A curſe on 'em! VVhat muſt I undergo, for the ſake of my Love!

Val. I took 'em, Sir, and ſo do moſt here, for fine Gentlemen; but I wonder Mr. *Oldwit* is ſo merry after his Diſaſter: And yet Sir *Humphrey* wou'd make a Man burſt.

Wild. VVhat Diſaſter?

Val. VVhy, Sir, his eldeſt Daughter, a great Fortune by her Mother, (his firſt VVife; for he has had three) about four Months ſince, fled, the night before he was to have Marry'd her to a fine *Bury* Gentleman.

Wild. I heard ſo; but ſhe has ſent a Letter, to let him know, that ſhe will not be forc'd to Marry: And for that end, ſhe will not appear till the day after ſhe's at Age to diſpoſe of her ſelf; and that then ſhe will; and is in the mean time ſafe, beyond his enquiry.

Val. The youug Daughter is a great Fortune by her Mother, who was an Heireſs.

Wild. He has had a lucky hand at Heireſſes: but I muſt find out my dear *Bellamy*. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, Lord Bellamy's *Lodging*, Bellamy, *and Page.*

Bell. My Kinſwoman, who recommended thee, *Charles*, to my Service, told me, thou wert a Young Gentleman of the *North*, whom ſhe knew and was of Kin too, and that thou hadſt left thy Guardian for harſh uſage: And ſhe engaged me to conceal and protect thee.

Charles. I can aſſure your Lordſhip, I have done nothing that can make you bluſh to own me.

Bell. I believe thee, my Kinſwoman made me give my word to inquire no farther; and I have kept it.

Cha. You have, my good Lord.

Bell. I ſee thy Education has been good, and find thou art a virtuous Boy, and ſo ready in thy Service; thy dilligence has almoſt out flown my thoughts; yet it has kept pace with my deſires: and every thing thou doſt, thou ſeem'ſt to do with pleaſure.

Char. I ſhou'd be wicked elſe, having ſo excellent a Lord and Maſter.

Bell. I uſe thee not as other Noblemen their Pages, who let Gentlemens Sons ride at the Tails of their Coaches, crouded with raſcally Footmen: 'tis a *French* mode; they uſed formerly to give 'em the ſame Education with their Sons, which made their Fortunes; and 'twas a Preferment then, for a Gentleman's younger Son: Now, they are bred to Box and Dice, and Cheat with the Footmen; after they're out of Livery, perhaps they turn to the Recreation of the High-way; or the top of their Fortune is to take up in ſome Troop, and there's an end of 'em.

Cha. I muſt confeſs, your uſage of me has been ſo Noble, that all the Service of my Life, can never make return.

Bell. Thou art too grateful. Thou Charm'ſt me too with thy pretty Voice: I'll breed thee up to be my Friend. But, prethee, what's the reaſon that thou,

who

who haſt been ready to fly at my Command, haſt ſeem'd to be uneaſy, and unwilling, to come to *Bury?*

Cha. 'Tis the publick time of the Fair, when Men of all Countries flock hither; and, as I told your Lordſhip, I was afraid of being diſcover'd, and that my Guardian wou'd find me out, and ſeize me: and, Heaven knows, I had rather Dye, than leave ſo good a Lord.

Bell. Kindeſt of Youths, I love thee ſo, I will not part with thee, let who will diſcover thee.

Char. My kind, good Lord, let me kiſs your hands.

Bell. Beſides, thou needſt not be ſeen in the Fair; only I am to Dine at Mr. *Oldwit's* to day.

Cha. At Mr. *Oldwit's!* what do I hear? [*aſide.*

Bell. Thou art my little Friend; I come to make love to his Daughter: She knows me not; but I have ſeen her, and am extreamly taken with her: the old man and I am agreed. I muſt entertain her with ſome Muſic: I know thou'lt lend me thy Voice.

Cha. Oh Heaven and Earth! what killing words are theſe! Ah me! [*aſide.*

Bell. Why doſt thou ſigh?

Cha. If your Lordſhip Marries, as no Lady ſure can reſiſt you, I ſhall be caſt off.

Bell. Prethee think not ſo, dear Boy; thou art too ſecure of my kindneſs for that.

Cha. I ne'r ſhall pleaſe your Lady. Beſides, the Ladies never can endure their Lords favourite Servants.

Bell. I give thee my Hand, I'll never part with thee, till thou quitteſt me.

Ch. I'll quit my Life when I do that. Oh fatal hour, wherein I ſaw thoſe Eyes! How many years of Miſery are like to hang upon it! [*aſide.*

Enter Wildiſh.

Bell. Ned, my dear *Ned,* welcome to my Arms! This is a happy Surprize.

Wild. My dear *Bellamy!* my dear Peer! I cou'd not embrace a Miſtreſs with more Ardour! I thought you had been ſo retir'd, I had loſt you.

Bell. That was your fault: I have as pleaſant a Houſe and Seat, as moſt in *England,* that is thine as much as mine, *Ned.*

Wild. But 'tis in the Country; a pretty Habitation for Birds and Cattel: but Man is a herded Animal, and made for Towns and Cities.

Bell. So many Pens of Wild Beaſts upon two Legs, undermining, lying in wait, preying upon, informing againſt, and hanging one another: A Crowd of Fools, Knaves, Whores, and Hypocrites.

Wild. Hey, my Renegado Country-man: thou hadſt once the Reſpect due to good Wine, fine Women, Muſic, Wit and Senſe, and true Pleaſure.

Bell. For good Wine; I coud never be Drunk, but I did ſome mad thing or other, which made me aſham'd to ſhow my Face. For Women; thoſe that were worth the having, were hard to come by, and harder to put off; beſides, the immorality of the matter, gave me anxiety of Mind; I ſaw Men of Wit, when they came to underſtanding, gave it over: and, when a thing muſt be done, 'tis beſt to do it quickly.

Wild. Thou may'ſt as well ſay, ſince we muſt dye, let's hang our ſelves now: No, that's time enough, when we are weary of living. At our years, leave VVomen and Converſation!

Bell. He that Debauches private Women, is a Knave, and injures others: And he that uſes publick ones, is a Fool, and hurts himſelf. And for Converſation, 'twas all run into Parties and Politicks, and become Dull and Dangerous: The Living were ſuch Knaves, I was reſolv'd to Converſe with the Dead, in my Study.

Wild. But, in this late Scene of Action, the Knaves are pretty well laid open: and, for all thoſe Parties, we cou'd meet with choice Company, truly honeſt, and with whom good Wit and Sence was ſtirring, and wou'd paſs for currant.

Bell. Wit and Sence may paſs in a Room with honeſt Fellows, but Noiſe, and Nonſence, always carry it in the World.

Wild. Fox on this dull VViſdom at our Age! 'tis as unſeaſonable as Snow in the *Dog-days*. Canſt thou think, my dear Peer, that thy Philoſophy can tame the Vigour of my Appetites?

Bell. I will no more ſuffer my Appetites to Maſter me, than Fire and VVater; they are good Miniſters, while they can be kept under.

VVild. I'de not give a Farthing for an Appetite that can be Curb'd: My *Stoic*, I'd have my Appetites high mettled, and run away with me.

Bell. And I muſt always think a Man a Slave, till he has Conquer'd himſelf: for my part, I had almoſt as leive be in ſubjection to anothers Appetites, as to my own.

VVild. This is Spleen, Wind in the Hypocondriacks pent: Why, thou wilt Propheſie at leaſt.

Bell. Come, dear *Ned*, we'll debate this matter at more leiſure: Time will make you of my mind: for I obſerve, all men of Wit Reclaim; and only Coxcombs perſevere to the end of Debauchery. But prethee, what makes thee hereabouts? I'll lay my Life, there's ſome Wench or other in the way.

VVild. May be, that may be ſomewhat; but at preſent I come to eaſe my ſelf from the Swearing, Lying, Roaring, Vaporing, Cozening Noiſe and Tumult of *New-Market*: But I thought thou hadſt renounc'd all Crowds, and ſhou'd as ſoon have expected a Hermit here.

Bell. A little time may ſatisfie you I have reaſon.

VVild. Ha! *Bell.* what pretty Boy is this? ha!

Bell. He is a Gentleman's Son, he ſerves me at preſent. I'll tell the more *entre nous*: But, in the mean time, he and my little Conſort ſhall entertain you. *Ex. Charles.*

VVild. This is ſomewhat.

Bell. I will not live like an ordinary Hunting, Hawking Puppy; I'll have my City Pleaſures in the Country: of which good Muſick being one; I'll ſpare ſome Rogues, ſome Dogs, and Horſes, to have that good.

Enter Charles, *with Inſtruments.*

VVild. I have been viſited this Morning, by three moſt confounded Fops, that ever Plagued me yet; and they talk'd of nothing, but the VVit and Breeding of *Bury*: *Trim*, Sir *Humphrey Noddy*, and Mr. *Oldwit*.

Bell.

Bell. There are those things in *Bury*, but as 'tis in Religion; least among those who talk of them most, men are alwaies proudest of their foibles, and keep their Strength's conceal'd: If a fellow has but a difficulty of Speaking, or Stutters, his Tongue will never lye still.

Wild. A fellow that has one Leg shorter than another, will never stand still; but Hop, hop, hop, round, round, round.

Bell. Observe any Fellow that has a stinking Breath, as if a Voice were not intended to be heard but smelt, will speak in your very Nose: and turn round as often as you will, he turns with you, and your Nostrils must have it. Come begin.

SONG.

Wild. 'Tis very pretty; and delicately Sung.

Bell. Now I have got thee in the Country, I'll carry thee to my House, and make a Convert of thee.

Enter La Roch *a* French *Peruke-maker, with his Man.*

Wild. Hey! *La Roch*, what makes you here?

La Roch. Serviteur, Monsieur; my Lor, vot Serviteur: I see your Laquais below, dat make me come up to kiss your hands.

Bell. How now, Monsieur Cutbeard? what makes you at *Bury*-Fair?

La Ro. Dis is de place dat is Fameux for de pretty Garl wid de cheveux blond, de sarie haire: my Man and I come for buy de vite lock, indeed to gette de Monee to make de Pot Boyle, my Lor.

Wild. A thought comes into my Head: It shall be so. I will have some Diversion, while I am here.

La Ro. Dat bee de last Peruke I sende your Lorship? Begar, is fine Aire, Curle delicate morbleu: You talke o' de *Chedreux*, he is no bodee to mee; dere is no man can Travaille vid mee; Monsieur *Wildish* has gotte my Peruke on his Head: let me see, here is de Haire, de Curle de bouckle, ver good, ver good. If dat Foole *Chedreux* make de Peruke like mee, I vil be Hanga.

Wild. Hold, good Monsieur Snip-snap, I have another Employment for you: Were you ever here before?

La Ro. No.

Wild. That's well. I must have you be a *French* Count. I remember we had a Count *de Brion* at *London*, pass'd upon the choicest Sparks, and best Bred Men and Ladies: I will have this Fellow pass upon the Fops of *Bury*, and amuse the wiser sort.

Bell. You will never be without some mad Frolick, or other: But this, certainly must be very pleasant.

Wild. Of all female Creatures, my aversion is to the Lady *Fantast*, and her Affected, Conceited, Disdainful Daughter: I will have this fellow personate a *French* Count, and make Love to the Daughter.

La Ro. Ha, ha, ha, de *French* Count! dat be ver well: ha, ha! Make de Love! begar, I'come for make de Monee. Love! Morbleu, de *French* Count spende de Monee, de *French* Peruke-maker make de *French* Count, he loose de Monee.

Wild. You shall lose no Money, you Puppy, my Man is acquainted with all

this Country, and ſhall help your Man to buy the Wenches Hair, the pretty'ſt Wenches in *England*; and if you be a *French* Count, you ſhall have the Wenches too; all the Town will run after you: you'll be courted by every body, feaſted, and invited to Balls, and all Meetings; but the Lady *Fantaſt*, and her Daughter, will be mad after you.

La Ro. Ha, ha, ha; de *French* Count, ver well indeed, ha, ha: I make de *French* Count: begar, Monſieur, I havè de Count of my Familee, I am a Gentilman of *Fraunce*. Indeed my Parens did condiſcent to lette me makè de Peruke, for I delighted in it.

VVild. Go you Rogue, you ſhall do this, I am reſolv'd on't, or I'll cut your Throat. You ſhall have Cloaths and Ornaments of me, here are wholeſale men; three or four Suits for Footmen will do, and we'll help you to the men too. I'll bear all the Charges; I'll do it, if it coſt me a Hundred pound.

Bell. Are you in earneſt?

VVild. Ay, by Heaven, it ſhall be. You ſhall be call'd *Monſieur le Count de Cheveux*; you ſhall be entertain'd like a Prince: the VVomen will lye with you, as if the Devil were in them.

La Ro. Hah! dat be ver good indeed! I was not bred to make Peruke, it vas for my diverſion I did ittè: I ſpent my time among de Gens de Quality in de Academy.

VVild. Yes, to Shave them, thou true Picture of a *French* Scoundrel. [*aſide.*

La Ro. Dere I did appen to kille de Count for my Honneur.

VVild. Then there is a Count miſſing: you ſhall ſupply his place.

La Ro. I ſlay, dey ſeiſe on my Land and my Chatteaux; and begar, it vas ver well for me dat I did delight in makè de Peruke ven I vas young indeed.

VVild. This good Breeding of yours will qualifie you excellently! VVhy, you'll be Ador'd by the Ladies: But, of all, I charge you to Court Mrs. *Fantaſt*; commend her VVit and Breeding.

Bell. Suppoſe ſhe falls in love with him in earneſt!

VVild. I'd give a hundred pound to ſee that. VVell, *Monſieur le Count*, let's to my Lodging, and fit you for this Enterpriſe.

La Ro. Hold, hold: if dey find me out, vil dey not wippè de *French* Count? Begar, I no love to be wippè.

VVild. Upon my Honour, I'll protect you.

La Ro. Vel, vel; no more to be ſaid: I am *Monſieur le Count de Cheveux. Serviteur Monſieur my Lor, vot tres humble Serviteur.*
Fala ha la. *Sings.*

VVild. Come, my Lord, your humble Servant, we are to meet at Dinner: I muſt about this buſineſs, my Heart is ſet upon it; 'twill make an Admirable Farce.

Bell. Get thee gone, *Ned*, thou art a mad Fellow: I'll go and take a little Air.

La Ro. Allons Monſieur: Fa la lā la la.
If my wiſe Conduct you pleaſe to rely on,
I'll make as good a Count, as Count *de Brion.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Mrs. Gertrude.

Gert. WEll, I am weary of the Life I lead here; never poor Creature was ſo Teaz'd, as I am ſtill, with my Stepmother, and her Daughter, the Old *Cucko* and the Young, that tire me continually with the ſame Notes of VVit and Breeding: And having themſelves nothing but Folly and Affectation, are always reproaching me for want of both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Madam, my Lady Madam *Fantaſt*, having attir'd her ſelf in her morning Habiliments, is Ambitious of the Honour of your Ladyſhip's company, to Survey the Fair.

Gert. Here's a foul Copy of one of 'em: I ſee, this Folly is Contagious. Tell her, I'll wait on her.

Luce. She will ſuddenly arrive at this Place, where ſhe deſires the Interview may be betwixt you.

Gert. I will haſte for my Hoods and Gloves, and the reſt of my Moveables; and be here inſtantly. [*Exit Gert.*

Luce. A fine young Lady this, if ſhe had but half the Wit and Breeding of my Lady.

Enter Lady Fantaſt, *and her Daughter Mrs.* Fantaſt.

Madam, Mrs. *Gatty* will kiſs your Ladyſhip's hands here incontinently.

L. Fan. Come, my ſweet Daughter, conſider what I have ſaid. Thou art in thy maturity of blooming Age; I have bred thee to the very Achme and Perfection of *Bury* Breeding, which is inferiour to none in this our Iſland; Dancing, Singing, *Ghittar*, *French* Maſter: And I'll ſay that for thee, my Jewel, thou haſt Sacrific'd all thy Endeavours to attain thy Education; which, corroborated by thy Acuteneſs of Parts, have render'd thee exactly accompliſh'd, and together with the excellence of thy Beauty, juſtly admir'd by the Amorous Males, and envy'd by the malicious Females.

Mrs. Fan. To all that, which the World calls Wit and Breeding, I have always had a natural tendency, a *penchen*, deriv'd, as the Learned ſay, *Extraduce*, from your Ladyſhip: Beſides the great Prevalence of your Ladyſhip's moſt ſhining Example, has perpetually Stimulated me, to the Sacrificing all my Endeavours towards the attaining of thoſe ineſtimable Jewels; than which, nothing in the Univerſe can be ſo much a *mon gre*, as the *French* ſay. And for Beauty, Madam, the Stock I am enrich'd with, comes by emanation from your Ladyſhip; who has been long held a Paragon of Perfection: moſt *Charmant* moſt *Tuant*.

L. Fan. Ah, my dear Child: I! Alas, alas! Time has been, and yet I am not

not quite gone; but thou hast those Attractions, which I bewail the want of: Poetry, Latin, and the French Tongue.

Mrs. Fan. I must confess, I have ever had a Tendress for the Muses, and have a due reverence for *Helicon*, and *Parnassus*, and the Graces: But Heroic Numbers upon Love and Honour, are most Ravissant, most Suprenant; and a Tragedy is so Touchant! I dye at a Tragedy; I'll swear I do.

L. Fan. I must confess, my dear, thy Wit has more of Notoriety, than thy Beauty; since the pretty various Diversions of thy Pen, have transmitted thy Fame of Wit, beyond the narrow limits of an Island. But it is now high time to manifest thy Judgment, in the disposal of thy Person; and thou hast rejected a Multitude of Lovers.

Mrs. Fan. I am so much indebted to Nature and Education, that I am resolv'd not unequally to dispose of that Person, which (without vanity I may say) Nature by its genuine Bounty, and Art by its friendly Additions, have rendred not *disagreeable*, or void of *Attraits*: But all want of VVit and Breeding, does affect me with that unconquerable *Chagrin*, that, eh Gud, I cannot suffer such Fellows.

L. Fan. Mine own dear Daughter, to a hair! And I must confess, we are troubled enough with it in Mr. *Oldwit*, his Daughter, and his Companions: Had not my Joynture been somewhat intangled, I had never had him. But Mr. *Trim* is as fine a Gentleman, as the Sun in all his Circuit sees.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, my *Eugenius*! he is a finish'd piece of Humanity; but has not the Estate I wou'd have.

L. Fan. Sir *Humphrey Noddy*,

Mrs. Fan. Has a very good Estate, but wants the Noble Accomplishments of my *Eugenius*, whom I intend to preserve for my Platonic Servant.

Enter Mrs. Gertrude.

Sweet Madam *Gatty*, I have some Minutes impatiently expected your arrival, that I might do my self the great Honour to kiss your Hands, and enjoy the favour of your Company into the Fair; which I see, out of my Window, begins to fill apace.

Gert. I got ready as soon as e're I cou'd, and am now come to wait on you.

L. Fan. Oh, fye, Daughter! will you never attain, by mine, and my dear Daughters Examples, to a more Polite way of Expression, and a Nicer form of Breeding? Fye, fye, I come to wait on you! You shou'd have said; I assure you, Madam, the honour is all on my side, and I cannot be ambitious of a greater, than the enjoyment of the sweet Society of so excellent a Person. This is Breeding.

Mrs. Fan. Ah, this had been a Propos: Observe my Lady.

Gert. Breeding! why, this had been a Flam, a meer Flam.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, Mondieu! this had been delicate *et bien tournee*. Call generous Complements, Flams.

L. Fan. Thus you had shown true breeding.

Gert. Breeding! I know no breeding necessary, but Discretion to distinguish Company and Occasions, and Common Sence, to entertain Persons according to their Rank, besides making a Courtesie not aukwardly, and walking with one's Toes out.

Mrs. Fan.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud.

L. Fan. Let me tell you, you are a pert young Thing: you are a Curious Judge indeed, of the Art of refin'd Converſation.

Gert. Art! Converſation ought to be free, eaſie, and natural.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud: Sweet Madam, deſpiſe not Art. Can there be any Converſation well dreſt, as I may ſay, without *French* in the firſt place, to Lard it?

Gert. Some Fops indeed think ſo, that uſe it in every Sentence.

L. Fan. Nothing is ſo Confident as Ignorance.

Mrs. Fan. Ars non habet Inimicum præter Ignorantem.

L. Fan. Look you there: I have bred my Daughter a Linguiſt.

Gert. A Lady may look after the affairs of a Family, the demeanour of her Servants, take care of her Nurſery, take all her Accounts every Week, obey her Husband, and diſcharge all the Offices of a good Wife with her Native Tongue; and this is all I deſire to arrive at; and this is to be of ſome uſe in a Generation, while your Fantaſtick Lady with all thoſe Trappings and Ornaments you ſpeak of, is good for no more than a Dancing Mare, to be led about and ſhown.

Mrs Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu!* pray forbear, ſweet Madam, forbear; I am not able to hear this Blaſphemy againſt true breeding.

Gert. It muſt needs be pretty *French* one learns of an *Iriſhman* at *Bury*. I believe 'tis a kind of baſtard *French*.

L. Fan. Good Mrs. *Gatty*, you are very Confident.

Enter Oldwit, *and hearkens unſeen.*

Mrs. Fan. Whatever you do, never ſpeak againſt Art.

Gert. Art ſtiffens, and ſpoils Converſation, as Painting does Faces: if you hear never ſo many florid Coxcombs, they ſpeak all alike; and ſee never ſo many painted Women, they look all alike.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, mon dieu! Quel faſcheux; Ex quovis ligno, &c. *Mercury*'s Statue is not made of every Wood.

L. Fan. Look you, I know your ſecret cogitations: Becauſe you are ſo ill bred as to look like a Tallow thing, and will not improve your Complexion by Art, you obliquely reflect upon me and my Daughter, for our melioration of Nature.

Gert. Come, come, Madam, if you be ready without a Complement, to go to the Fair, I am ready to go with you; but, by my troth, if you look for Complements, you muſt get them ſomewhere elſe. Come, I'll lead you. *Exit* Gertrude.

Mrs. Fan. Ill breeding, *au dernier point!* Oh, my *Chagrin.* I kiſs your Ladiſhips hands. *Exit Mrs.* Fantaſt.

L. Fan. Oh, Mr. *Oldwit*, wou'd you had been here, you wou'd have heard a fine deal of ill breeding from your Daughter *Gatty*.

Old. I was here at part of your diſcourſe, and I heard nothing but good Sence from her.

L. Fan. Nay, ſhe's like you.

Old. Gad take me, I am glad ſhe is not like you.

L. Fan. I know your ill breeding; but 'tis a ſhame you have not better cultivated your Daughter as I have mine.

Old.

Old. Cultivate! A Pox on your affected ſtuff; ſhou'd I have made her an affected Aſs, to be laugh'd at, as you and your Daughter are?

L. Fan. Prodigy of Ignorance! my Daughter and I laugh'd at! Whom even the Court, when we are there, perpetually Gaze at and Admire; and all the Beauties and Gallants here make their Court to!

Old. A great many Flutterers do flock about you indeed, as ſmall Birds wou'd about a Caſt of Owls, to wonder at you.

L. Fan. This is moſt Stupendious.

Old. A Pox on this perpetual Noiſe about Wit and Breeding! You made my Daughter by my firſt Wife run away, with Teazing her, and perſwading me to be ſuch an Aſs to preſs her to Marry one of your formal Fops, againſt her will; and now you are plaguing this poor Girl, to make her run-away too, but I have agreed upon Articles with one that will ſoon rid you of her.

L. Fan. Moſt Exorbitant, and Amazing! 'Twere well, if beholding us cou'd do any good upon her.

Old. No doubt it will; as the ſight of the Drunken Slaves did upon the *Spartan* Children. There's Wit, and Reading, for her. [*aſide.*

L. Fan. Were not we well fortify'd by Art and Nature, we might be obnoxious to the taint of your and her moſt unſavory Ruſticity. While all the *Beau Mond*, as my Daughter ſays, are with us, in the Drawing-room, you have none but Ill-bred, Witleſs Drunkards with you, in your Smoaking-room. What puniſhment do I deſerve, for making Alliance with ſo much Ill-breeding.

Old. What Plagues have I met with, in marrying an Affected Old Lady; who, with her Daughter, take themſelves to be VVits! Their Tongues never lye ſtill: At Dinner, they muſt have the whole diſcourſe; at dinner the Common Crier, were he there, cou'd not be heard; no, not another VVoman. There's my Friend *Juvenal*, for you: VVit and Breeding.

L. Fan. My Daughter and I no VVit, and you have it! this is moſt Aſtoniſhing! Ha, ha, ha. If ever you had VVit, it is obliterated, antiquated, and bury'd in the Grave of Oblivion.

Old. No Wit! Ounds, now you provoke me. Shall I, who was *Jack Fletcher's* Friend, *Ben Johnſon's* Son, and afterward an Intimate Crony of *Jack Cleaveland*, and *Tom Randal*, have kept Company with VVits, and been accounted a VVit theſe Fifty Years, live to be Depos'd by you?

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Ha, ha, ha. I, that was a Judge at *Blackfriers*, writ before *Fletcher's* VVorks and *Cartwright's*, taught even *Taylor* and the beſt of them to ſpeak. I cannot go to *London* yet, but the VVits get me amongſt them, and the Players will get me to Rehearſal to teach them, even the beſt of them: and you to ſay I have no VVit, I ſay, you have not, nor ever had, any Beauty.

L. Fan. Nay, now Mr. *Oldwit*, I can bear no longer. Shall I, that in my Youth Charm'd all the Gallants of that time, even to Faſcination; and in my Widowhood, but five years ſince, was Ador'd by Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and captivated ſeveral of their Hearts, be thus Calumniated! Know, I have more Beauty than you can make uſe of.

Old. Indeed, towards you, I am ſomewhat frigid; but ſome in the VVorld know I have a Colt's Tooth.

L. Fan.

L. Fan. I shou'd serve you right, to have others find out my Colt's Tooth too, though thou canst not.

Old. Thy Tooth! the Devil of one thou hast, but what came out of *Bow-lane*: Three remaining Stumps there are, that look like three broken Pillars in a ruin'd Cloyster. And there's Wit for you now, and a Clinch to boot.

L. Fan. Poor Railing Buffoon! there Wit! Well, there are some of another mind, concerning my Beauty.

Old. Pr'ythee take thy course with them: Whoever commits Adultery with thee, it must be meerly the Act of the Devil; there's nothing of the Flesh in it. What a Pox, you and your Daughter are notorious, for out-painting all the Christian *Jezebels* in *England*.

L. Fan. 'Tis false, rude Fellow: we only use a Wash, and lay on a little Red.

Old. No more does a Wall: but you, for your part, are fain to fill up the Chinks in your rivell'd Skin, as House-painters do the Cracks in Wainscot, with Putty. Pox on't, you woud by Art appear a Beauty, and are by Nature a meer Mummy. There's Wit for you again. Gad, I'll pepper you with Wit.

L. Fan. Did I not despise thee for thy want of Wit and Breeding, these barbarous Contumelies would exhaust Tears from my Eyes.

Old. If thou shou'dst cry, it would make streaks down thy Face; as the Tears of the Tankard do upon my fat Hosts Belly-pieces. There's Wit again for you.

L. Fan. Farewel Brute. *Exit Lady* Fantast.

Old. Fare thee well. He that would have the Devil more Damn'd, let him get him to Marry a She Wit. Now, for the Fair. Here; who waits?

Enter a Servant.

Bid the Cook get Dinner within two Hours, at farthest.

Scene the Fair, with a great many Shops and Shows, and all sorts of People walking up and down.

Mrs. Fantast, *and* Gertrude, *Mask'd.*

Gert. 'Tis pleasant to observe the mixture of People here.

Mrs. Fan. Ah, how pleasant 'twoud be, if none but the *Beau monde* made their *promenade* here! but I hate the *Canaille*.

Milliner. What d'ye lack, Ladies? fine Mazarine Hoods, Fontanges, Girdles, Sable Tippets, choice of fine Gloves and Ribbands.

Hosier. Stockins, Silk Stockins; choice of Silk Stockins: very fine Silk Stockins.

Perfumer. All sorts of Essences, Perfumes, Pulvilio's, Sweet-bags, Perfum'd Boxes for your Hoods and Gloves, all sorts of sweets for your Linnen, *Portugal* sweets to burn in your Chamber. What d'ye lack? What d'ye buy?

Gert. I have no such contempt for the common People: they come near Nature, and have no Art or Affectation; and there are a thousand Fops made by Art, for one Fool by Nature.

Mrs. Fan. Oh fye! *Odi profanum vulgus*, &c.

Indian Gown-man. Fine morning Gowns, very rich *Indian* ſtuffs; choice of fine Atlaſſes; fine morning Gowns.

Goldſmith. Will you pleaſe to Raffle for a Tea-pot, a pair of Candleſticks, a couple of Sconces. *Enter Mr.* Trim.

Trim. Not all the Clouds aſſembled in the Firmament, can hide, or can eclipſe ſo muffle the Sun, but we poor Mortals know it ſhines, and feel the warm effects. Why ſhou'd *Dorinda* think to blunt her pointed Glories, or conceal the Radiant Luſtre of her conquering Beams?

Mrs. Fantaſt. I ſee, to the quick-ſighted *Eugenius*, nothing is obſcure. Nor coud *Eugenius* in the Dark be hid: that golden Tongue, and that ſweet Eloquence woud ſoon reveal him; as the Proſcrib'd Senator was by his Perfumes betray'd.

Trim. How does the bright *Dorinda* make me bluſh, when ſhe commends my Eloquence; and in that very Act ſo much exceeds me!

Mrs. Fantaſt. Fine! very fine! *bien tourne!* that thought's very *recherchee.* Obſerve, Madam: this is a true Witty and well-bred Gentleman.

Gert. Now really, Madam, between you and me, this man appears to me a moſt extraordinary Shallow Coxcomb, as one can poſſibly ſee in a Summer's day.

Mrs. Fantaſt. Eh Gud, eh Gud! poor Soul, I pity thee: but, *aſſurement*, nothing can be more engaging than the Wit and Breeding of *Eugenius.*

Trim. I ſee, there is no contending with *Dorinda*: ſhe will have the Aſcendant over poor *Eugenius*; his ſmall Pinnace muſt ſtrike Sail to her Admiral. Wit.

Gerit. Theſe Fops are very happy: for if an Archangel ſhould tell 'em they were Fops, they woud not believe it,

Trim. Let me preſent to the fair *Dorinda*'s hands a little offſpring of my Brain, the Tribute of my Morning Service.

Mrs. Fantaſt. I was juſt going to preſent *Eugenius* with the Iſſue of my teeming Muſe, who was deliver'd this morning of a Paſtoral: I muſt needs ſay, ſhe had a good time, for ſhe had an eaſy Labour; *Aurora Muſis amica.* But pray let me read yours firſt.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Oh, Madam, does your Ladyſhip hear the News?

Mrs. Fantaſt. What News; *Luce?*

Luce. Oh, Madam, ſuch news, as perhaps may not be ungrateful to your Ladyſhips Ears. There is now, even now arriv'd a Noble *French* Count; the fineſt Perſon my eyes yet e'r beheld: I ſaw him, heard him ſpeak; he ſpeaks *Engliſh.* He has the prettieſt Charming way! no Lady ſure can e're reſiſt him.

Trim. Who can this be?

Mrs. Fantaſt. Ha! a *French* Count? Oh Lord! I am afraid I am not in Order enough: he'll certainly make addreſſes to me; how is my dreſs.

She lets fall Trim's *Paper; he ſtoops to take it up, and offers it her; ſhe neglects it.*

Luce. Very *French*, and very exact.

Mrs. Fan. The report of me has certainly brought him hither. Heav'n a *French* Count, ſay you! Now we ſhall ſee Breeding in Perfection: and I am glad I ſhall have the opportunity of appearing before ſo great a Judge.

Gert.

Gert. How do you know but this *French* Count may be an errant Coxcomb?

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, Madam, I beſeech you betray not your ill Breeding. A *French* Count a Coxcomb! *Mon dieu.*

Trim. It is not, my *Dorinda*———

Mrs. Fan. When ſhall our Eyes be bleſt with the ſight? when, think'ſt thou, will he make this place happy?

Luce. My Eyes ſaluted him firſt upon the Change: his Landlord, who was with him, told me what he was; from thence I follow'd him to *Cook-row*, and ſo through the Fair to the Bowling-green. His Air, his Meen, and his Deportment charm'd me ſo, I coud not leave him: there I ſaw him ride the Flying Horſe, with his Equipage, which much delighted him.

Mrs. Fan. Shall we go to the Bowling-green? My expectation is on Tiptoes, till I behold him.

Luce. That's a rare ſaying! I'll remember that. My expectation is on Tiptoes! Madam, he is gone from thence, and ſaid he woud be in the Fair preſently.

Enter Sir Humphry Noddy.

Trim. This ſudden indifference towards me ſeems abrupt and temerarious!

The Shop-keepers cry all their Goods again, one after another; and then all together.

1 *Woman.* Fine mellow Pears; fine Burgamy Pears; fine *Norwich* Pears.

2 *Wom.* Fine Ginger-bread: very good Ginger-bread.

Sir Hum. Yonder's my Miſtreſs; I know her, for all her Mask: I'll preſent her with a Fairing. *Sir* Hum. *buys ſome Ginger-bread.*

Enter ſeveral Gentlewomen; two Country Wenches, and two Country Fellows, and People of all ſorts, and walk about the Fair.

Sir Hum. Madam, 'tis not a Mask can conceal you from a Lover; whether I ſee you or no, my Heart will leap up to my Teeth when ever you come in preſence; as a dead Body will bleed at the arrival of the Murtherer. Is not that well ſaid, Mr. *Trim*? [*Gives* Trim *a deviliſh kick on the Shins.*

Trim. 'Sdeath, my Shins!

Mrs. Fan. Mens Hearts ſeldom come ſo near their Mouths.

Sir Hum. Madam, let me preſent you with your firſt Fairing, a Heart.

Gert. Of Ginger-bread.

Sir Hum. Ay faith, pretty Lady.

Gert. Is it a true Image of your own? Did you ſit for it?

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; a very good Jeſt! Udsbud, there's a pair of Gloves of the ſame mettle, to ſtop your pretty Mouth. And, Mr. *Trim*, here is a Wiſe Cap, befitting your Gravity, and the Solidity of your Parts, for you.

Trim. Sir, there is an old Adge, that ſays, Familiarity breeds Contempt: I am paſt thoſe Juvenile Joques.

Sir Hum. Alas, poor old Gentleman! Come, Madam, walk, and let us ſee the diverſions of the Fair: I warrant you, I'll make you merry.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, this Count! Did you ſee the Count?

Sir Hum. No; but I hear there's a flaming *French* Beau come to Town: Will your Lordſhip Raffle a bout or two?

Gert. The activity of this Monky is as ridiculous as the Gravity of that Paboon.

Enter Wildish, *and walks.*

Oh Heav'n, *Wildish* here! Down, down my Heart: Thou fooliſh Heart, why doſt thou flutter ſo? I ſee he is thus far a Man of Honour: If all he ſays, in his Letters, were as true! And yet I know not whether I ſhou'd wiſh it.

Enter Lady Fantaſt.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, here is the rareſt News! Have you heard of the *French* Count?

L. Fan. Ay, my Dear; and therefore am come to bleſs my Eyes. His Fame is diffus'd throughout the Town: they ſay, he is the fineſt Gentleman that ever came to *Bury!*

Wild. Good! It takes as I cou'd wiſh. [Wildiſh *plucks* Gertrude *by the Sleeve.*

Gert. How now, Sir, who are you?

Wild. One who has loſt a Heart, and apprehends you for it.

Gert. You are ſomewhat free of Carriage.

Wild. Think not, my pretty Mad-cap, that a piece of Velvet can conceal you: Your Eyes ſtrike at every one you level at, like Lightning through a Cloud.

Gert. Very pretty! Shall I oblige Mr. *Trim* with this fine expreſſion? he'll give you any Money for it.

Trim. Sir,———

Wild. Now is this Fop ſetting out his Bum for a ſmart bout at Compliment.

Trim. It is ſo great an Honour to our Town———

Wild. Sir, your moſt humble Servant. [Wildiſh *turns quick upon his Toe, and leaves* Trim *bowing.*

Trim. Is this his Breeding? Indeed, when I left him, he led me not to the door of his Lodging.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *mon Dieu!* here is that *London* Wit, that is a Laugher, and Scoffer! I hear he has made a Lampoon upon *Bury.* I hate the Fellow.

L. Fan. He a Wit! Mr. *Trim* or Sir *Humphrey*, wou'd make nothing of him.

Wild. Look you, my dear Mad-cap, I muſt love you, and will love you; ſay what you can, do what you can, I will always haunt you while I am alive, and never leave you when I am dead.

Gert. Nay hold, good Mr. *Hothead*, I doubt not but our Lives will differ ſo, that we ſhall part when we are dead, Sir, whatever we do living: And a ſure way to part while we are alive, would be to Marry, which Heaven forbid; then it wou'd certainly follow to ſome purpoſe.

Wild. The Steel ſhall ſooner willingly deſert the Loadſtone, than I my pretty Miſs.

Gert. You are not ſure in Earneſt.

Wild. By Heav'n, and all the Powers———

Gert. I mind Vows in Love, no more than Oaths in Anger. That I were ſure once that you were in love with me.

Wild. There is nothing to prove it to you, which I will not undertake.

Gert. Your Hand upon't.

Wild. My Heart upon't; which here I preſent you.

Gert.

Gert. Now have I one to Domineer over. Tremble; for I will make thee ſuch an Example, as ſhall be a Terror to thy Sex, and revenge all the Inſolencies committed upon mine.

Wild. I am prepar'd for all thy Tyranny, good *Semiramis*.

Gert. I will make thee fetch and carry, and come at my foot, like a Spaniel.

Wild. And I will perſevere ſo, I'll make thee relent, tho thou wert a Devil.

Sir Hum. Come, Gentlemen and Ladies, come down Guinea's apiece, and Raffle for a Tea-pot: Come, *Jack Trim*, *Jack*; Mr. *Wildiſh*, Ladies.

Trim. *Jack! Jack!* ill Bred. For Complaiſance and Breeding ſake, I'll do't.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

The Lord *Bellamy!* My Lord, I can aſſure your Lordſhip, there is not a Perſon among the race of Mankind———

Bell. Sir, I am your humble Servant. My dear *Ned!* I ſee, here is all the good Company.

Wild. My dear Lord, I am glad you are come: here is the beſt Company in *Bury*.

Bell. 'Tis a delicate Morning: I have been ſucking in the ſweeteſt Air in *England*.

Sir Hum. My noble Lord, your moſt humble Servant. 'Tis indeed very fine Weather; it uſed to be *Bury*-foul, inſtead of *Bury*-fair. Is not that a pretty Clinch, *Jack*? [*He gives him a rap on the Back.*

Trim. Sir, let me tell you, there is a Spaniſh Proverb, which ſays, *Whego de manos, whego de Villanos.*

Sir Hum. Do you call me Villain in *Spaniſh*? I ſhall reckon with you for that.

Bell. I'll put in for a Raffle with theſe Ladies. Come, Madam, will you Raffle for a Heart?

Gert. No, my Lord: that is uſually a light, hollow thing, and not Sterling neither; I am for maſſy Plate, that will endure the touch.

Bell. Mine will endure the ſtricteſt touch. If your Beauty be equal to your Shape and Wit, you Conquer all you look on.

Enter Charles.

Cha. What do I ſee! that is my Siſter! He is already fix'd upon my Ruin, my Death. Siſter, I ne'r till now cou'd wiſh thy Beauty leſs. If not diſcover'd, I am at leaſt undone.

Bell. Come, *Charles*, thou ſhalt Raffle too: Here's a Guinea for him.

Enter Oldwit.

Old. My Lord, your Lordſhips moſt humble Servant.

Bell. Sir, I kiſs your Hands.

Old. What a Pox, is this Puſs my Wife here? I'll lay my Life ſhe hears of the *French* Count: I was in hopes ſhe wou'd have been ſullen, and we might have had the Houſe to our ſelves. Come, come, off with your fooliſh Masks: My Lord, this is my Wife.

L. Fan. And this is my Daughter. [Bell. *ſalutes her.*

Bell. I dare ſwear ſhe is. [*Aſide.*

Old. Mr. *Wildiſh!* [Wild. *ſalutes* L. Fan. *and Mrs.* Fan.
This, my Lord, is my Daughter.

Bell.

Bell. Madam, your Father has commanded me to do my ſelf the honour of the VVorld I am moſt ambitious of.

Gert. You are reſolv'd, my Lord, your Ambition ſhall be no danger to the Government.

Bell. I own no Government, but yours: Others, but ruſe the Body; you, the Mind.

Cha. How can I hear my own ſad Funeral Peal?

Old. Mr. *Wildiſh*, my Daughter.

Wild. So, Madam, you have my Heart; 'tis flown, I cou'd not hold it: look to it, and make much on't, and ſee that it comes to no Damage; I ſhall require it whole, and ſafe.

Gert. 'Tis a light one, and always ready to whiſtle off at any Game; and as ready to be tur'd back again: but, if I have it, I'll uſe it ſo, it ſhall be glad to be gone.

Wild. That Beauty cannot harbour ſo much Cruelty. Oh, that this Kiſs wou'd laſt to Eternity!

Gert. Raptures are no more ſigns of Love, than Huffing is of Courage.

Old. Oh, you Arch Wag you! are you there? ha, ha, ha.

Sir Hum. Yes, that I am. Ha, ha, ha. Come, down with your Guinea. Now we have enough for a Tea-Pot, and a pair of Sconces.

Sir Hum. ſteals to Old. *as he leans upon his Cane, ſtrikes it away, and flings him almoſt upon his Noſe.*

Bell. She's delicately handſom as an Angel! what thinkeſt thou, my Boy?

Cha. With Submiſſion, my good Lord, I think ſhe is mortal; I am not ſurpriz'd with her Beauty. Look narrowly; does ſhe not look like a Shrew?

Bell. No; ſhe is all ſweetneſs in perfection!

Cha. I wiſh you find her not ſo: Fame whiſpers ſomewhat of that kind. *[They throw the Dice in Order.*

Enter the French *Count, with his Equipage. The Shopkeepers all cry their Things. The Count ſtares about him, munching of Pears.*

L. Fan. Daughter, Daughter; yonder comes the *French* Count! It muſt be he.

Mrs. Fan. Mon Dieu, it is he! Nay, if Quality or Breeding ſcapes my Eye, I have loſt my Cunning. What an Air? what a Meen is there?

Count. Nicholas.

Nic. Monſieur?

Count. Take de notice of doſe two Garle, vatch dem, dey have de very fine Ayre.

Mrs. Fan. His Perſon is *Charmant*, *Tuant* his Air, victorious his Meen: *Mon pauvre Coeur!*

Wild. I cou'd not wiſh better ſucceſs.

Gert. A moſt Charmant, Tuant Meen, in eating Burgamies: he out-craunches a School-boy on a Holy-day. I'll lay my life, he is an errant Coxcomb.

Count. Page, ſette my Cravat-ſtring. Ver well, ver well.

L. Fan. He is an incomparable Perſon!

Bell. Thy Farce is like to take admirably: the Rogue looks very ſtately, and fantaſtical!

Wild. No Gudgeons ever took their Baits more greedily.

Count.

Count. Monſieur, Serviter tres humble. Have you forgottè me?

Wild. Monſieur le Count de Cheveux!

Count. De ſame: I had de Honeur to wait upon you vid my Regiment of Gen d' Armes, on de right Attaque at *Luxemburgh*. Oh, my Lor *Bellamy*, I am ſurpriſè ver much! you did Charge my Regiment at de Battel of *Mons*. I will ſay no more of dat; but, Begar, you did make us turnè de Back; vich de Regiment never did before, nor ſince; But is all one for dat, Serviteur tres humble.

Bell. The Rogue Acts it admirably!

Wild. You are welcom into *England*.

Count. I come to ſee de fine Lady, de grand Beautè *Engliſh*; which, Begar, is beyond all de Varle: yes indeed.

Bell. You have learnt the Language?

Count. I ſpeak a littel. I did keepè de Company vid de *Engliſh* Officeers; de ver brave Gentleman indeed, to learnè de Langage; for I did reſolvè to come di: plas, for ſee de Beautè & de Wit of *England*.

Trim. Perhaps, your moſt auſpicious Stars cou'd not have guided your wandring courſe to a more proper Region of the Earth, than this little City of *Bury*, for the full Satisfaction of both theſe Curioſities you are pleas'd to mention: nor is in all the Regions of Earth you have Survey'd, a Perſon more devoted to your Service, than your moſt humble Servant *John Trim*.

Count. Monſieur *Jean Trim*, you do me de grand Honeur; Begar, me am your humble Serviteur. Jerny bleau, dis fellow be one great Fool indeed. [*aſide.*

Wild. That is the Lady and Daughter I told you of: this is the Lady's Husband.

Count. Is ver well: lette me alone for dat.

Mrs. Fan. A moſt admirable Perſon of a Man! his Eyes brillant, and fièrre! my Heart is gone: he may ſay, as *Cæſar* did, *Veni, vidi, vici*.

L. Fan. My Eyes never beheld a Parallel.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud! how the French Nobleſs outſhines our's! methinks, they look like Tailors to 'em.

Sir Hum. Monſieur, your moſt humble Servant: welcom to *Bury* as I may ſay.

Old. My Lord Count, you are heartily welcom to *Bury*: and I beg the honour of your Company at Dinner, at my Houſe.

Count. Monſieurs, me kiſsè your hands: me did tinke to invitè de Shief Majiſtrat, I don know vat you call him, Oh, is Alderman, to takè de Collation vid me; buttè me can no refuſè de faveur.

Mrs. Fan. I am tranſported with Joy!

L. Fan. Daughter, ſpeak to him in *French*; he ſeems already Captivated with your Looks.

Count. You are appy in de Converſation of de very fine Ladeè; buttè to lette you know my Skill, my Cunning, me vil gage a hundred Piſtol, dat dat fine Ladeè, and her ver pretty Siſter, are de French Ladeè.

Old. Ounds, this Count will make my damn'd affected Toad ſo proud, the Devil wou'd not live with her. French, and Siſter, with a Pox!

L. Fan. We have often bewail'd the not having had the honor to be born French.

Count. Pardon me; is impoſſible.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fan. Monſoy, je parle vray : we are meer Engliſh *aſſurement.*

Count. Mon foy, je parle vray! vat is dat Gibberiſh? Oh, lettè me ſee; de Fader is de Lawyere, an ſhe learne of him at de Temple: is de Law French. I am amazè! French Lookè, French Ayre, French meen, French movement of de Bodee! Morbleau. Monſieur, I vill gage 4, 500 Piſtol, dat deſe two Siſter vere bred in *France*, yes. T'eſte bleau, I can no be deceive.

Mrs. Fan. Jee vous en prie, do not; we never had the bleſſing to be in *France*; you do us too much honour. Alas, we are forc'd to be content with plain *Engliſh* Breeding: you will bring all my blood into a bluſh. I had indeed a *penchen* always to *French*.

Cou. Penchen! vat is dat? Oh, is Law *French*. You puttè de very great Confuſion upon me: I tought it was impoſſible to find dat Meen, Ayre, Wit, an Breeding, out of *France*.

Old. French! why, my Lord Count, this is my Wife, this is her Daughter.

Cou. Daughtere! dis young Ladee havè de Daughtere! Begar, you makè my Head turn round, an mine Hair ſtand up: is impoſſible. Pardon me.

L. Fan. My dear ſweet Lord Count, you poſe me now with your grand Civilities: She is my Daughter; I was Marry'd indeed exceeding young.

Cou. Pegar, Madam, den you be de pretty Modere, ſhe de pretty Daughtere, in de whole Varle. Oh mine Art, mine Art! doſe Eyes, dat Ayre, ave killè me! I broughtè de Art out of *France*, and I ave loſt it in dis plas: is gone, Madam; an Morbleau, you ſee now de French Count vidout a Heart.

Trim. With what frigidity ſhe looks on me! and with what warm Tranſport ſhe ſeems to pierce the Frenchman through! *Varium & mutabile ſemper fœmina.*

Re-enter Bellamy, Wildiſh, *and* Gertrude.

Wild. What would you give for ſuch a Servant?

Gert. Juſt as much as I wou'd for you: I had not ſo much as pitch'd upon a Country yet for my choice; but methinks *France* ſhould be the laſt. I like not theſe Apiſh Counts; they're meer Kickſhaws.

Bell. You judge right, Madam, of this Count at leaſt.

Gert. Indeed, he ſeems to me a very choice Coxcomb.

Cou. Oh, Madam, you have de fine Haire, de very fine Haire! doſe treſſes Conquer de Lovere; *Cupid* make his Net of dat Haire, to catchè de Art: de coleur delicat, better den my Peruke is great deal: Begar, if I had dat Haire, I wou'd makè two tree Peruke of dat.

Wild. Pox on you, you Raſcal. You are no Barber, Sir; yoe are a Count.

Cou. Havè de Patiance: dat is, me could makè de Peruke two tree; buttè I voud makè de Locket, de Bracelet, an de pretty Love knack.

They all cry their Wares. Enter ſeveral Jack Puddings, and give Papers.

1 *Pud.* A very good Monſter! a very pretty delicate Moniter: the like ne'r ſeen in *England*! The Monſter is juſt now beginning.

2 *Pud.* Pimper le Pimp, the *High German* Juggler! pray walk in, and take your places; 'tis the laſt time of ſhowing this morning.

Cou. Vat is Pimp? Vat, does he lette a de Whore at de Fair?

1 *Pud.* A moſt delicious dainty monſter, the moſt delightful monſter, the prettieſt monſter ever was ſeen! The moſt admirable! The moſt incompanable monſter!

Cou.

Cou. Ha, ha, ha. Begar, I likè dis *Jean Pudding* very well; I vill talle vid him, Begar: he makè me Laugh dis morning, he almoſt killè me.

Wild. You Rogue, remember you are a Count, and no Barber, Puppy.

Mrs. Fan. You ſee his Wit and Judgment! he finds out good Breeding immediately!

Gert. Yes, he has found Wit in a *Jack Pudding*.

Cou. Morbleau, Madam, I have ſee de Marionettè de *Jean Pudding* in *France*, dat have de great deal of Eſprits, and of de Wit: de very pretty man, and de very good Company; yes indeed.

Mrs. Fan. No doubt, Sir, *Aſſurement ouy*. Look you, Mrs. *Gatty*.

Cou. Begar, dat be very merry Gentilman; he have de great deal of Wit, aſſurement ouy. Teſte bleau, de Inſolence of Peaſant *Engliſh!*

[*Sir* Humphrey *finds a Country Peaſant leaning upon his Staff; he ſtrikes it away, and he falls backward. Another Peaſant knocks Sir* Hum. *down: he riſes, and Draws. Several of the Mobile joyn with the Peaſant: the Gentlemen Draw, and Reſcue him. The Ladies ſhriek, and run away.*

Wild. Death, let's in, and Reſcue him.

Bell. Sir *Humphrey*, you have ſuffer'd for your Wit I ſee.

Old. Only a Head broken, that's all: the inſide of your Head will often endanger the outſide, Sir *Humphrey*.

Sir Hum. Piſh, this is nothing. Pox on't, an accident; a meer Accident. Gad take me, I'll have my Jeſt, let what will come on't.

Cou. Inſolent Peaſan! Begar, me vill kille two tree touſand Peaſant. Strikè de Gentilman! Sire morbleau, me vill helpe you to kille de damn Peaſant.

Old. Come, come to my Houſe: my Daughters Woman ſhall lay you on a Plaiſter.

Cou. I voud be glad to putte my Cutto into de Body of de Peaſant, dey have fright de Lady.

Bell. But, *Monſieur le Count*, our Peaſants have Quarter-ſtaves; and if Gentlemen go to run 'em through, they will knock 'em down: and we commend 'em for't.

Cou. De Peaſant! begar, de Peaſant be de Slave, de Dog, morbleu.

Bell. Our Peaſants wear Shooes and Stockins, and lye warm; and have good Meat and Drink in their Houſes.

Wild. Your King is a King of Dogs then: but how much greater is ours, who is a King of Men, and Free Men! Ours Governs the willing, he the unwilling.

Cou. Your King great as our King! Jerny, your King can do noting, dere is de Law, de Parliament, I don know vat begar: my King can ſend for my Head wen he pleas; yes indeed, hum.

Old. My Lord Count, 'tis almoſt Dinner time.

Wild. The Rogue talks, as if he were of the Blood Royal.

Bell. Yes, like the next Succeſſor.

Cou. Yes, Begar, he can ſend for my Head: and dat be very good for him.

Wild. But my King cannot ſend for my Head when he pleaſe.

Cou. Morbleu, dat be very good for you: yes indeed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Oldwit, *Lord* Bellamy, VVildiſh, *Sir* Humphrey, Count, Trim.

Old. COme my Lord Count, my Lord *Bellamy*, and Gentlemen, may good Digeſtion wait on Appetite, and Health on both; as *Mackbeth* ſays: Ah, I love thoſe old Wits.

Wild. You are a Wit in your Heart.

Old. Ay, faith, ſo I am; and I love to be merry at Meals. Ah, Wit is as neceſſary as good Wine at Table.

Sir Hum. Ay, faith, ſo 'tis: I ſummon up all my Wit at Dinner.

Old. My Lords, and Gentlemen, we'll into my Smoaking-room, and ſport about a Brimmer; and Wit ſhall fly about like Hail-ſhot. Oh, the Wit that I have heard in that Room!

Bell. We will wait on you ſoon; but I have promis'd the Ladies an Entertainment, with a little Concert of Muſick by my own Servants, who are ready now: and I deſire you will call the Ladies, Sir.

Old. If your Lordſhip pleaſe: but, faith, we had better be a Toping.

Sir Hum. Did you ever hear the *Thetford* Muſick?

Bell. Not I, Sir.

Sir Hum. 'Sbud, they are the beſt Muſick in *England*: there's the beſt Shawm and Bandore, and a Fellow that Acts *Tom of Bet'lem* to a Miracle! and they Sing *Charon, Oh gentle Charon*, and *Come my Daphne*, better than *Singleton* and *Clayton* did.

Wild. 'Here's the pleaſure of Country Converſation, *Bellamy*: Had not a man better be condemn'd to the Galleys, than endure it?

Bell. I am of your Opinion, *Ned*; and for that Reaſon, never have ſuch Company at my Houſe: if I have, 'tis but for once; for Country Gentlemen, unleſs you repay their Viſit, are too proud to ſee you twice: and I never Viſit any, but ſuch as I like very well.

[*Sir* Hum. *Dumfounds the Count with a ſmart rap on the Shoulders.*

Cou. Morbleu, vat is dat? Monſieur *Wildiſh*, did you hitte me?

Wild. Not I, Monſieur.

[*Sir* Hum. *raps him again.*

Cou. Nor you, my Lore?

Bell. Not I, Monſieur le Count.

Coun. Ventre bleu, is dere again! Sire, vat you mean by dat, to ſtrike me between de Head and de Shouldere?

Trim. My Lord, if your Honour had given your ſelf the leiſure circumſpectly to have made Inquiſition into any part of the Hiſtory of my Life and Breeding,

or

or into the ſedate Compoſure and Serenity of Mind, you might eaſily have Collected that I am a Perſon that either never exercis'd my ſelf in ſuch Juvenile and Jocular Diverſions; or, at leaſt, have totally abandon'd them.

Cou. Begar, dis be de very great Fop, Teſte bleu, I no underſtanda him. Agen? is de Diable. Ah, may foy, is dat merry Gentilman. [*Sir Hum. raps him again.* Ha, ha, is very good Jeſt indeed; but, Begar, you hitte me too hard indeed.

Sir Hum. Nothing, nothing at all, my Lord Count, among Friends: I can't forbear my Jeſt, i'faith; let's Kiſs, and be better acquainted.

Cou. Vid all mine Art. *(Kiſs.)* Ha! who Shave your Face? lette me ſee: he leave two, tree, four great Stumpe, dat prickè my Countenance. Oh fie! deſe Barbiers Engliſh can do no ting: If I wou'd take de *(Snaps his fingers)* Trade, Begar, I voud ſtarve dem all. [*Snaps his fingers again.*

Wild. Sirrah, Rogue, remember you are a Count ſtill.

Cou. Is all one: I ſometime take delight to Shave de Nobleſs of *France*, for my plaiſir. [*Enter* Charles *with the Muſick.*

Enter Oldwit, *and Lady*, *Mrs.* Fantaſt, *and* Gertrude, *Women and Chamber-maids.*

Old. Now, my Lord, let the Muſick ſtrike up; here are the Women: I long to be at Brimmers.

Sir Hum. Now for a fit of Mirth.

Bell. Come *Charles*, begin. *They Sing an* Italian *Song of two parts.* You muſt excuſe it; 'tis Country Muſic, Madam.

Gert. 'Tis admirable! the Court has no better.

L. Fan. You muſt be putting in, with your ill Breeding! If any Traveller ſhou'd affirm that *Italy* afforded better, I ſhou'd humbly demand his Pardon.

Mrs. Fan. I am ſwallow'd up in Admiration! *je ſuis aſtonne!* I am only in doubt, whether the Harmonious Compoſition, or the elegant Performance, be moſt Charmant.

Cou. Dat is admirable bien dict, Madam!

Old. I had a Daughter that ſung ——— But, no more of her.

Char. What do I hear? I'll haſte away: Farewel. *Exit* Charles.

Gert. I never heard a Voice and Manner ſo like my poor Siſter's. I thought he had ſome reſemblance of her, but that he's of another Complexion: But he was ſo Baſhful, he wou'd not ſhow his Face.

Sir Hum. My Lord, can they ſing *Lilly Burlero*? or have they e're a merry Song?

Bell. My Servants are no Fiddlers.

Old. Come, come, my Lords and Gentlemen, into my Smoaking Room: Women, go pack into the Drawing Room, and play at Toe Gleek, or Ombre; go.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, get the French Count with us, or I am Ruin'd. Oh, he is the fineſt Perſonage, and moſt agreeable!

L. Fan. Good Mr. *Oldwit*, you will betray your ill Breeding: Entertain one of the *French* Nobleſs with Smoaking and Sotting! he ſhall with us. You ſhow your Wit, and not a word of *French* among you!

Old. 'Sdeath, my Wit! dare you profane my Wit? Thou old, ill-bred, ſilly

Creature, I'll teach thee better Breeding, and make thee ſubmit to thy Lord and Maſter.

Cou. Sir, I beg your pardon; I am for de Ladee: I no Drink, I no Smoak. Come, Madam, vee vill play at de petites jeux, or ſome ting or oder. Begar, de ſmoke ſpoil my orangery and Pulvilio.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, I love de Petites jeux extremement.

Trim. I am alſo for the Ladies; to whom I have ever Sacrifie'd all my devoir: Madam, I kiſs your hands.

Mrs Fan. Piſh! But as I was ſaying, Monſieur ——

Trim Ha! muſt I be Sacrific'd to that Kickſhaw of a *Frenchman*? It ſhall not be long e're he receive a Chartel from me.

Sir Hum. Mr. *Oldwit* is ſo importunate, that I cannot leave him yet, i'faith; but I'll ſteal away, and pay my Duty to you.

Mrs. Fan. No, no, Sir *Humphrey*, no matter: the Count is an Accompliſh'd Gentleman. Monſieur, you were ſpeaking ——

Sir Hum. Say you ſo, Ud'sbud? the Count my Rival! I will take an occaſion to kick that damn'd Count moſt exceedingly.

Old. Daughter, meet me half an hour hence, without fail, in the great Dining Room above.

Gert. I will, Sir.

Wild. Pray let it be within a quarter of an hour, for moſt important Reaſons I will give you there.

Old. I have contriv'd an opportunity for your Lordſhip to be private with your Miſtreſs, my Lord.

Bell. You infinitely oblige me, Sir.

Old. Come, now let's all into my Smoaking-room. Go, Womankind, pack away to your Cards, and your Tea. [*Ex. Count and Ladies.*

Trim. Mr. *Oldwit*, I humbly take my leave, to withdraw with the Ladies.

Old No, faith, ſhall you not. Sir *Humphrey*, take him you by one Arm, and I'll take him by the other.

Trim. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, commit not a Rape upon me, I beſeech you: I drink not between Meals. Did you know how averſe I am ——— Sir, Sir, I would not be Intoxicated for the Univerſe: Sir, Sir.

Old. Come, my Lord, and Mr. *Wildiſh*. [*Trim talks all the while they hale him.*

Bell. & Wild. We wait on you.

Bell. What are we Condemn'd to? [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lord Bellamy, Wildiſh, *Sir* Humphrey, *and* Trim.

Old. Here, where is this damn'd Butler? bring the Monteith, and Bottles. Well, Mr. *Wildiſh*, you are one of the top *London* Wits.

Wild. Not guilty, upon my Honour.

Old. No matter for that. But did you ever hear more Wit fly about a Dinner at *London*? Such Broadſides and ſuch Merriment, my Lord?

Wild. Yes, indeed, a great deal of Wit did fly about the Room.

Sir Hum. Sir, your humble Servant. When my Lady ask'd me for a piece of Rabbet, you remember I told her it was a Rawbit, for 'twas not roaſted; ha, ha, ha.

Trim.

Trim. That was a good jeſt indeed.

Sir Humphrey. She ask'd me, if I woud have any Cuſtard? I told her, I was not ſuch a Fool to refuſe it.

Old. And, when ſhe ask'd me, Will you have any Woodcock, Husband, I anſwered No: I will have ſome Gooſe, Wife. She thought to have put the Woodcock upon me; and I put the Gooſe upon her, i'faith.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha: Very good! excellent! [*The Count and he Laugh.*

Trim. Theſe Gentlemen, Mr *Wildiſh*, are Witty, I muſt confeſs they want not Salt, and are indeed very Jocoſe; but I woud gladly hear ſomething from your ſelf, and my Lords Honour, that ſavours more of Solidity, than what they hitherto have produc'd.

Wild. Are you always thus Witty, Sir *Humphrey*?

Sir. *Hum.* Oh, ay. The Judges, when they come the Circuit, certainly ſend for me: they love my Company.

Bell. Do Judges love this way of Wit?

Sir Hum. Ever while you live; and your Serjeants, and Doctors of Divinity: the laſt time I Din'd in ſuch company, I told a Story of a Doctor of Divinity, whoſe Wife us'd to entertain him with three Diſhes every day; Bitter, Pout, and Tart. There was ſuch a Laughing, they Roar'd out again: The Ladies Tyhee'd under their Napkins; I am the Son of a Whore, if the Tyhee did not take a reverend old Gentlewoman as ſhe was a Drinking, and ſhe ſquirted out the Beer out of her Noſe, as an *Indian* does Tobacco. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Pr'ythee, dear Sir *Humphrey*, forbear; I am not able to bear it: I have laugh'd my ſelf ſore. Mr. *Trim*, what ails you? you are melancholy.

Trim. I muſt confeſs, Sir *Humphrey* is a man of neat conciſe parts, and exceeding Jocular; but my way is to affect, being more grave and ſolid.

Old. Grave and ſolid! Come, come, you want a Bottle. VVhy, Sirrah, Butler, come quickly. You ſhall have a whisking Bumper.

Trim. Sir, I proteſt againſt Bumpers: I wou'd not drink a Bumper for the Univerſe.

Enter Butler, placing Glaſſes and Bottles.

Old. Raſcal, make haſte, you lazy Elephant. and, d'ye hear, bring me my Horn I uſe to Drench the Reſtive Drinkers with. I'll make you take your Doſe.

Trim. That men ſhou'd cloud the Faculties of their noble Souls, and put their minds, as 'twere, into a Miſt!

VVild. VVy, you can make a Joque, Sir *Humphrey* upon any thing.

Sir Hum. I ſeldom fail, thank God.

VVild. Let's heat now, upon the VVainſcot.

Sir Hum. Pſhaw waw! 'tis weak Wainſcot.

Bell. How ſo? 'tis good *Daniſh* Oak.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; you know, the weakeſt goes to the VVall: the VVainſcot goes to the VVall; *Ergo*, weak VVainſcot. Ha, ha.

Old. Ha, ha, ha: paſſing good!

Sir Hum. I am ready again: Reprieving VVainſcot.

VVild. How ſo? the Devil can't find that out.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha: why, Wainſcot ſaves many a Hanging:

Old. Ha, ha: admirable! for, if I had not VVainſcoted my Rooms, I muſt have had Hangings. He'l kill me ſome time or other. *Bell.*

Bell. Upon the Window.

Sir Hum. Why 'tis a damn'd mutinous Window; for 'tis full of Quarrels; You ſhall never take me at a Why not.

VVild. Upon the Looking-glaſs.

Sir Hum. Why, 'tis an Ill-natur'd Looking-glaſs.

VVild. How ſo?

Sir Hum. Becauſe it makes Reflections; ha, ha.

VVild. Upon the day.

Sir Hum. Upon the day. Hah, hum; why, 'tis a ſcabby day.

VVild. A ſcabby day?

Sir Hum. Ay, becauſe the Sun's broken out.

Old. For the love of Heav'n, dear Friend, not ſo faſt: I cannot ſuffer it. Come, Sirrah, a Bumper.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, there are four Gentlemen come to wait on you.

Old. Who? Butler, remove the things into my Parlour: this Room's too little. Come, Gentlemen; I beſeech you ſecure the Priſoner. [*Whiſper. They lay hold on him.*

Trim. Sir, you have Company enough, I beſeech you, Sir: Sir, I diſclaim Drink between Meals. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gertrude.

Gert. VVildiſh is not here yet; I am come ſomewhat before my time, to fly from the horrible Impertinence in the Drawing-Room. I'll lay my life, this French Count is ſome idle Scoundrel, and an Impoſtor.

Enter Wildiſh.

VVild. Madam, your moſt humble Servant: you have not ſtay'd long, I hope.

Gert. Not at all for you, I aſſure you, Sir: my Father appointed me——

VVild. Not this quarters hour yet, by my Watch.

Gert. It wants nothing by mine: but you Sparks have ſuch vanity, that you are ready to turn every thing to your own advantage. Can you believe I come to meet you here?

VVild. Is it not fitter for your Youth and Beauty, to meet an honeſt young Fellow, who is in Love with you to Madneſs, than an Old Fellow with muſty Sayings, old Proverbs, and wiſe Counſel?

Gert. Don't abuſe my Father behind his back. He wiſe! No wiſer than your ſelf: He is a *Bury* Wit, as you are a *London* one.

Wild. I a Wit, Madam? You are reſolv'd to uſe your Soveraign Power over me; and I'll ſhow you my Paſſive Obedience. Do you Swagger like a Tyrant? you ſhall find I can bear like a Slave.

Gert. Yes, you can act a Slave for a time, in hopes of making me one ever after.

Wild. Ah, Madam, thoſe eyes were made to Conquer, and preſerve their Conqueſts: where e're they come, they'll Govern always.

Gert. For all that, if I were Marry'd to you, which Heav'n avert, you wou'd, within three months, be apt to think my Maids eyes, though a Doudy, more Victorious.

Wild. It is impoſſible: I cou'd as ſoon prefer a farthing Candle to the Sun.

Gert. Nay, I ſhall never try.

VVild.

Wild. I am resolv'd I'll never leave you: I will wait upon your Person, or watch about your House continually.

Gert. But I'll command you from me; I'll try my Dominion.

Wild. In what ever I can, I will obey you: but you may as well command your Shadow from you, in the Sun-shine.

Gert. I'll call in aid, to remove you farther.

Wild. Not Bombs, or Cannons, can do that. While you are awake, I'll ne'r be from you; and when you sleep, I'll watch, and sigh, and sing my Plaints about your House.

Gert. Sure you dare not be thus bold!

Wild. By Heav'n, I cannot help it: and look to it; for this in *Bury* (as all little Towns are full of Tatling and Censure) will bring Scandal to you, at least, if it does not produce Love in you.

Gert. For Love, I am sure it shall not: and for Scandal, I'll remove.

Wild. Where ever you go, you have fast hold on my Heart-strings, and will tug me along with you.

Gert. If I have, I'll tug you, I'll warrant you, till I crack them. These are Flams: I'll to *London*; there I shall be lost to you, like a Hare in a Hare Warren, and you shall yelp no more after me.

Wild. You are so fair, so bright, above all others, that I shall follow you by your Track of Light, and never miss you.

Gert. Are there any Lovers thus Impudent, to think to procure Love by troubling one.

Wild. Is it Impudence, to own your Power, and my Weakness? In short, Madam, I am resolv'd to haunt you worse than any Beau, and pelt you with Billets doux some Fifteen times a day.

Gert. What, like one of those odious Creatures, will you Dress at me? and tye Cravats at me? and strut like a Turky-cock, and prune your self?

Wild. Even so; and stare, and goggle at you; and never have my Eyes off you, while I Side-box you in the Play-house.

Gert. What, where the Beaux draw up three Ranks deep every day?

Wild. Yes.

Gert. Well, and I'll never cast my Eyes upon you for a whole Play together.

Wild. That will be over acted; and cunning Intriguers will Censure you from that.

Gert. Very fine! But I assure you, if you joyn with the Beaux, you shall never be look'd upon by me: for there is not upon Earth a more odious sight, than those Boxes full of ugly Beaux. I observe, the Beaux now are the uglyest Hatchet-fac'd Fellows about Town.

Wild. Fellows of five and fifty, with grizly Beards, set up for Beaux: and among these will I herd, when you are at a Play, that I may Ogle you, Fair.

Gert. Then will I leave the Play.

Wild. So will I.

Gert. And to the Park.

Wild. So will I: where I will Side-glass you, turn when you turn,——

Gert. Then will I leave the Park.

Wild.

Wild. So will I, and follow you to the Mall.

Gert. You will not dare ſure?

Wild. Yes I will: and ſtrut up to you, with a Slur and a Coupee; ſing a ſilly new Song or two ſoftly in your Ear, and put on an Air of Gayety, as if I had ſucceeeded.

Gert. I'll ſoon ſhake you off, and go to the Drawing Room.

Wild. No ſooner there, but I am with you: and 'tis as good a Scene of Ogling, as any.

Gert. Sure, I ſhall caſt you off when I go to Church.

Wild. The Beaux are the moſt conſtant Church-men: you ſhall ſee Troops of 'em perk'd up in Galleries, ſetting their Cravats. There you ſhall be ſure to find me: and I will ſtare you out of your Prayers. In ſhort, my dear, ſweet, pretty Madcap, I am reſolv'd never to give thee over, while I have breath.

Gert. This is moſt amazing! Art not thou a very Impudent Fellow, to talk thus? Do you call this making Love? why, this is making War; worſe than Blockades and Sieges, which they write of in Gazettes.

Wild. It is a gentle Siege; but I will never raiſe it: I may fall dead before your Fort.

Gert. And that you ſhall, before you take it.
What a diſſembling Jade am I now *Aſide.*

Wild. Then will I haunt you at noon, at dead of night ——

Gert. You will come a faithful Humble Bee, and Hum, and Buz; as the *Rehearſal* ſays. *A noiſe of one coming up ſtairs.*
Here comes ſome body! I'll not have the ſcandal upon me, of being taken alone with you. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Wild. Oh, my Lord, I have had the Advantage of you, in ſtealing from yon confounded Company before you.

Bell. You have ſo; but there's great enquiry made after you.

Wild. We were bad enough with our Punning Fools; but that new Detachment of Drunkards and Viſitants, made 'em compleatly the moſt confounded Company I ever was condemn'd to. Here are the fruits of the Country! Prethee, my Dear Peer, fling off this melancholy thought of Retirement, and let us enjoy thee again in *London*: let me not loſe my deareſt Friend, for a Fit of the Spleen, or two.

Bell. Dear *Ned*, if any thing cou'd tempt me to that noiſie Town, thou, and ſome choice Friends, whoſe Converſation I extreamly value, might do it: but I am weary of it, and dote upon my quiet Retirement.

Wild. Man is not ſelf-ſufficient: he was made a Sociable Animal, and muſt have Converſation.

Bell. And that, by a Man of a good Eſtate, as you and I have, may be had in the Country.

Wild. Merry Meetings may be had; but not ſo frequently, as your Seſſions: and when you think you have a choice Company, in ruſhes ſome loud obſtreperous Hunter, Hawker, or Jocky, good for nothing elſe, and Roars about Dogs, Kites, and Horſes,; and ſpoils that Meeting. To keep open Houſe, and enter-

tain

tain the neighbouring Coxcombs is worſe than being Hoſt of an Inn: and to meet Company elſewhere, is to be poyſon'd with damn'd Wine.

Bell. I take care to meet none but good Company; and where-ever we meet, we take a courſe to have as good Wine from *London*, as any there: and at my own Houſe, I will entertain none but good Company.

Wild. Then the Country Gentlemen, who are moſt of 'em ill Company, will hate you, and you will have no Intereſt.

Bell. He that eſteems himſelf by another mans opinion, is an Aſs. My Tenants I make much of.

Wild. But what can be the diverſion of a Country Life? A man muſt be wak'd at three in a Morning, by the crack'd Voices of Huntſmen, with damn'd Bugle Horns, and the confounded yelps of Curs: and for want of Friendſhip with Men, divert themſelves with their Enmity to Beaſts; and hunt as if the Devil were in 'em, till at dark night they are ſcarce able to diſmount their Horſes.

Bell. They are Fops, *Ned*, that make a buſineſs of Sport. I hunt with my Harriers half a dozen heats in a Morning, for Health and an Appetite: and, at Dinner time, let 'em be in never ſuch full cry, I knock off.

Wild. There is ſome Reaſon in that; but your true Country Squire lives in Boots all the Winter, never talks or thinks of any thing but Sports, as he calls 'em: and if an ill Day comes, ſaunters about his Houſe, lolls upon Couches; ſighs and groans, as if he were a Priſoner in the Fleet; and the beſt thing he can find to do, is to Smoke, and Drink, and play at Back-gammon, with the Parſon.

Bell. Theſe are of the ſtricteſt Order of Hunters, ſuch as keep Journals of every Days hunting, and write long Letters of Foxchaſes from one end of *England* to the other. Tho theſe are Fops, *Ned*, a Reaſonable man may enjoy himſelf very well in the Country.

Wild. How ſo?

Bell. I have a noble Houſe, an Air pure, and uncorrupted.

Wild. Which are to be had in St. *James's-Square* and *Hide-park*.

Bell. I view my ſtately Fields and Meads, laden with Corn and Graſs; my Herds of Kine, and Flocks of Sheep; my Breed of Horſes; my Delicate Gardens full of all ſorts of Fruits and Herbs; my River full of Fiſh, with Ponds, and a Decoy for Water-Fowl, and plenty of Game of all kinds in my Fields and Woods; my Parks for Veniſon; my Cellar well furniſh'd with all variety of excellent Drinks: and all my own, *Ned*.

Wild. All theſe things have we at *London*. The product of the beſt Corn-fields at *Queen-Hithe*; Hay, Straw, and Cattle, at *Smithfield*; with Horſes too: Where is ſuch a Garden in *Europe*, as the *Stocks-Market*? Where ſuch a River as the *Thames*? Such Ponds and Decoys, as in *Leaden-Hall-Market*, for your Fiſh and Fowl? Such Game as at the Poulterers? And inſtead of Parks, every Cook's Shop for Veniſon, without Hunting, and venturing Neck or Arms for it. And for Cellars, from *Temple-Bar* to *Aldgate*; and all that I have uſe of, my own too, ſince I have Money.

Bell. But I have pleaſure in reading the *Georgics*, and contemplating the Works of Nature.

Wild. I contemplate the chief Works of Nature: fine Women; and the Juice of the Grape, well concocted by the Sun.

Bell. Your fine Women, are a Company of proud, vain, Fops and Jilts, abominably Daub'd and Painted; and I had rather kiss a Blackamoor, with a Natural Complexion, than any such: And, besides, many of them are so unsound, that making Love is become as dangerous as making War; and the Wounds and Scars are dishonorable to boot. Then, for your Wine, 'tis attended with such Surfeits, Qualms, Head-akes, late Hours, Quarrels and Uproars, that every Scene of Drunkenness is a very *Bedlam.*

Wild. Poor *Bellamy!* thou wert never happy, since thou left'st off those Noble Maxims, *Beati non numerant horas*, measure not your time by Hour-glasses, but by Wine-glasses. Oh, the sweet of a Brimmer at Midnight! The Night was made for Beasts to sleep in, and for Man to Watch in.

Bell. And if I have no other misfortune but the Head-ake, and Puking in the morning, to hear of this Friend breaking a Collar Bone with a fall, that having his Scull crack'd by the Watch, another run through the Lungs by drunken Bullies; and all this to Treasure up Diseases, if you shall arrive to a miserable Age.

Wild. Who would not be sick ten Days for one good Night, with Men of Wit and Sense?

Bell. There's no true Pleasure but in Health.

Wild. VVhat shou'd a Man do with Health in damn'd Country Company, which a man ought either to be a very good Philosopher, or none at all, to endure?

Bell. VVhat good does VVit and Sence do you? do what you can, the Fops will be at the top of Pleasures; and the Knaves will be at the head of all Business in spite of you; and will bear down the VVorld, that a man who has Wit can be good for nothing.

Wild. That makes the business of the VVorld so foolishly done.

Enter Gertrude, *and* Oldwit's *Footman.*

Gert. My Father is not here.

Foot. He commanded me to bid you meet him in this Room. [*She offers to retire.*

Wild. VVhither goes my pretty Tyrant? Tho' your Father be not here, here is (I am sure) one humble Servant of yours.

Bell. That I am sure of, Madam, who is resolv'd to lay himself at your Feet, there humbly to receive his Doom.

Wild. What the Devil does he say? Is my best Friend my Rival? I hope, Madam, you are not in doubt, who that Servant is I spoke of?

Bell. What's this? Are we Rivals? This is the greatest misfortune that could have happen'd! Hold! perhaps it may be only his usual Gallantry to all young Women. Wou'd you cou'd see the Wounds you make in Hearts; then, Madam, mine wou'd expect your pity.

Gert. This is a very pretty Scene; runs smoothly off the Tongue, and is very well Acted: Can you do it over again?

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Oh, Mr. *VVildish!* I have been searching, and sending for you, all over the House. VVhat? turn'd Flincher! Faith, I must have you down with me.

Wild.

Wild. Here's my Lord's a Flincher too.

Old. I wink at that: I can give you some Reason for that, as we go Daughter, you know what I have said to you of this Noble man: I cou'd not find out in all the Nation, such a Match. Do you mind me?

Gert. Yes, Sir ——But, by your good favour, I'll find out for my self, for all that. [*aside.*

Wild. 'Tis evident! What damn'd misfortune cou'd have fallen out like this?

Old. Come, faith, Mr. *Wildish*, you shan't scape so: Brimmers fly about handsomely; and we are a rare Company.

Wild. I must not discover my Love to this Old Fellow yet; I will knock him down, with two or three in a Hand. [*Exit with* Oldwit.

Gert. How I hate this kind of Fooling! A VVoman never makes so silly a Figure, as when she is to look demurely, and stand to be made Love to. [*aside.*

Bell. Madam, the several Letters I have address'd to your Ladyship's hands, and my good Orator your Father, tho' you never saw me, have let you know who I am; and then you'll guess what I have to say.

Gert. 'Tis true, my Lord, I do guess, and therefore your Lordship need not trouble your self to say it; for all Discourse, about that affair, runs to the same Tune.

Bell. I never lov'd before; nor can I believe that any Man loves like me.

Gert. 'Tis all alike. "Madam, your Beauties! your excellent Accomplish-"ments! your extraordinary Merits! Divine, *&c.* The lustre of your Eyes! "and the rest. The honour to kiss your fair hands! *&c.* All this we have in Romances, and Love and Honour Plays. Trust me, my Lord, 'tis tedious.

Bell. Cou'd I incline your gentle Heart to Love, then no Discourse of it wou'd seem so.

Gert. I can't tell that; but as things stand now, indeed it makes me smile, to think of a grave Mother, or, for want of her, a wise Father, putting a Daughter into a Room, like a Hare out of a Basket, and letting him loose; that is, to act the Part of a Lover before Marriage, and never think of it afterward. Then is she either to frown, be peevish, or sullen, and make no answers, or very scurvy ones; or else to blush, hold down her Head, tell the Sticks, and play with her Fan, and say, I have no thoughts of Marriage, I am too young, 'tis time enough.

Bell. But, Madam, a Lady of your VVit and Sence, knows 'tis the great end that VVoman is design'd for; and 'tis in vain for you to speak against Love; for every look, and every word of yours, inflames me more.

Gert. There's a word now, Inflames, and Chains, and Fetters! I warrant you; One wou'd think a man were a Martyr, or a Slave at *Algiers* at least. VVhat conversation might Men and VVomen have, did not this foolish Love interpose!

Bell. 'Tis impossible for a Man to forbear thinking, or talking of Love, in the presence of so Beautiful, so excellent a Lady.

Gert. I cou'd expect no less: Beautiful! Excellent! *&c.* How sillily one looks, who must stand to hear her self Complemented! My Lord, you are a Man of Honour, and I will speak plainly to you: I am resolv'd against Love, therefore pray deal frankly with me: Disappoint the Old Gentleman, and let's

not have one word of it betwixt us. My happineſs or ruin depends upon your Breath. I am too young and giddy, to fix upon ſo ſolemn a buſineſs; and the Pleaſure I find in being free, cannot be bought at any rate.

Bell. Your Father, Madam, I hope may be a prevailing Advocate.

Gert. Hope is a very thin Diet, fit for Love in a Feaver; but, to tell you true, I am apt to believe there is no ſuch thing as love: but, if there be, I can aſſure you, you have gone the wrong way; for my Father is no Outwork of mine: you may take him, but you are ne'r the nearer me. I am a free Heireſs of *England*, where Arbitrrry Power is at an end, and I am reſolv'd to chooſe for my ſelf. How happily am I reliev'd!

Enter Count, *and Mrs.* Fantaſt.

Look you, my Lord, here are a pair of Turtles! The *French* Count has gotten an abſolute Conqueſt. Let's retire, and hear the Love betwixt them: they'll divert us upon that ſubject, better than we can our ſelves. [*They retire and liſten.*

Bell. I muſt obey.

Mrs. Fan. Now Monſieur le Count, we are free: we were embarraſs'd with Company below, that we cou'd not enjoy our ſelves; and ſome ſo ill bred, that, eh Gud, they caus'd ſuch a *Chagrin* in me!

Cou. I am very appy in de occaſion of kiſſe your And, in ſecret; indeed de *Bury* Ladies be ver fine, ver prettee, and do me de great honeur; ; buttè, Madam, your Luſtre does outſhinè dem, as the great Sun does de leetel Star dat twinkel, twinkel, in the Sky, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Monſieur, the ebat of your VVit will make any thing appear well: I muſt confeſs, I never have met ſuch brillant Converſation, as from your moſt agreeable perſon.

Cou. See bee de Victorious Ladee; butte, begar, ſee ſpeakè de dam *French* for all dat. *Aſide.*

Mrs. Fan. En veritie, you have Charm'd them all; but, mon foy, I hate the Impertinence of a numerous Aſſemblee.

Cou. Oh, Madam, dere is no plaiſir in de Varle, as de retirement vid ſo bright a Nymp: and, Madam, I muſt telle dat, now you have ſteale me out of de Companee, you cannot but perceivè me, dat I have de ver great and ſignal Paſſion for your Ladiſhip; and I have but de few littel opportunitee to ſay, dat, if you takè no Compaſſion upon me, you breakè mine Art; and I muſt killè my ſelf vid de *French* Bayonett, if you make de ſcorn of me.

Mrs. Fan. I am not ſo ill bred to ſcorn one of the Nobleſs.

Gert. Pray forbear, my Lord, they will come to the point preſently: wou'd you have us play the Fool thus?

Cou. If you havè no ſcorn, de Indifferance is fatal, and vill killè me too.

Mrs. Fan. Sincerement, Monſieur, a Lady cannot have indifference for a Perſon ſo bien fait, and whoſe Converſation is Raviſſant.

Gert. She comes on handſomely.

Cou. Ah, Madam! I kiſſè your ſweet And, for dis great honeur: buttè, Madam, if my Ambition might aſpire at your Love, I vill be more appy ten Touſand time, den de great Monarch, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. You know very well what the Poet ſays:

Res eſt Solliciti plena timoris amor.

Cou.

Cou. Ver well, Madam, you be de moſt profound Ladee, and de great Scholar. Morbleu, ſhe vill findè me out! Begar, I can no read. [*aſide.*

Mrs. Fan. No, no aſſuremant, pretty well read in the Claſſic Authors, Or ſo. Monſieur *Scudery* ſays very well: *L'amour eſt une grande choſe.*

Cou. Hee bee ver pretty Poet too. Begar, ſhe will puzzle me. [*aſide.*

Mrs. Fan. Poet! Monſieur, he writ Romances.

Cou. Ah, Madam, in *France* we callè de Romance, de Poeſie.

Bell. Oh, Rogue! that's well come off.

Mrs. Fan. And, as Monſieur *Balzac* ſays, *Songez unpeu.*

Cou. Dat *Balzac* write de very good Romance.

Mrs. Fan. Indeed, I never heard that.

Cou. Je vous aſſure. A pox on her reading! [*Aſide.*] But, Madam, let de Poet, de Philoſoph, ſay vat dey vill, begar I am ſo much in Love vid your Perſon, dat if you vill no bee in Love vid my Perſon, begar, I muſt killè my ſelf in two tree day.

Mrs. Fan. Take time, Sir, I beſeech you; we muſt conſider on this affair.

Cou. Madame, I have no time to conſider; de grand Monarch, my Maitre, wantè me for a Lieutenan General, to makè de VVar again *Holland* and *Flandre*, to burna de Houſe, and to killè de Man, Voman, and Shilde, as de great Monarch does, for his Glory. And I vill ſpeakè one proud Vord for my ſelf; he has not one Officier in his Armee dat burn, makè de Ravage, and killè de Man, Voman and Shildè, better den my ſelf; no indeed.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu!* that is Sanglant cruelle.

Cou. Pardon mee, Madam, is de Diſcipline of War to puttè de Village and de Houſe in flamè, and vid de Piſtolet to ſhoot de Voman paph in de Eare vid big Bellees, and de oder vid de Shilde in dere Arm paph paph, ver dum, ver dum, paph, paph, and to puttè de Pike an alf Pike into de littel Suck Shilde, and dey ſprawl, ſprawl, vid deir Arm and deir Leg, and make de ver pretty Shight; and take de littel Boy and de Garle, ſo high, ſoe high, ſoe high, and ſtickè, and ſtickè de Rapier into de Bodee. Madam.

Mrs. Fan. This is very Bloody.

Cou. Oh, no, Madam; dey bee de Enemee: de great Hero always burne and kille de Man, Voman, and Shilde, for deir Glory.

Mrs. Fan. If you Heroes be ſo cruel, 'tis enough to fright a Lady.

Cou. Ah, Madam, 'tis de Enemee: buttè to de Maitreſs, de Heroes be jentle as de Lamb.

Gert. This Raſcal muſt be an Impoſtor: I ſcarce believe he is a *French man*; tho' I have ſeen many a *French* Coxcomb, yet I never ſaw a *French* Clown before.

Bell. I will aſſure you, he is ſo: 'tis *Ned Wildiſh* his Frolick; and 'tis fit you know it, before the buſineſs go too far. I'll tell you more.

Gert. Oh, the farther the better: I love miſchief heartily.

Mrs. Fan. If I ſhou'd agree to your Honourable Propoſal, I muſt loſe you preſently.

Cou. Ah, Madam, 'tis for mine Honeur, you ſall goe to my chatteau, my great Houſe; for I have ſeveral, vid de great Royaltee.

Enter

Enter Lady Fantaſt, *with ſeveral Ladies more.*

L. Fan. Theſe Ladies have entertain'd your, and my Lord Count's abſence, with ſome regret and *Chagrin*, ſuitable to the occaſion.

1 *La.* Ah, Madam, did you deſign to ingroſs my Lord Count?

2 *La.* That was foul play, indeed, Madam. Well, he's a fine Perſon!

Lord Bellamy, *and* Gertrude *appear.*

Mrs. Fan. Quelle me Impertinance! Why wou'd you bring them, Madam? I ſhall be a great Woman; he is Captivated to the laſt degree, he has ten thouſand Piſtols a year, and great Houſes and Caſtles.

Gert. In the Air. [*aſide.*

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Fye; how her pittiful *Engliſh* Lord looks, in preſence of my *French* Count.

1 *La.* Pray, my Lord, do my Husband the Honour to Dine with him to morrow.

2 *La.* If your Lordſhip be not ingag'd, be pleas'd to honour my Houſe at a Collation this Night.

3 *La.* My Lord, your Lordſhip ſhall do my Husdand a great Honour, to take a Repaſt with him.

4 *La.* My Lord Count———

Mrs. Fan. They are all Amoreuſe of him: his Eye is *Cupid*'s Quiver, and his Beams the Darts.

Enter Wildiſh.

Wild. So, here's a very fair Aſſembly!

Mrs. Fan. He's engagee to Night, Ladies.

Cou. Ladee all, you do me de very great honeur: I viſh I could divide my ſelf; but I am engagee to wait upon this Lady, and her pretty Moderè. I find, ſhe lovee mee, by dat Lye ſhe makee for me. [*Aſide.*

Gert. I like your Froſick admirably, for all 'tis yours.

Wild. So well acquainted, to tell ſecrets, already!

Bell. They are very familiar: ha! 'tis moſt apparent!

Cou. Serviteur, my Lor: Serviteur, Monſieur *Wildiſh.* De Ladee make muſh of de *French* Count: ma foy, you will ſee preſentlee.

Enter Trim.

Trim. I am not a little afflicted, that I have been conſtrain'd to borrow my ſelf ſo long, from your Ladyſhip's moſt———

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Fye! you ſmell of Tobacco to a great degree.

Cou. Ah, Madam! take my Peruke, and ſmelle de Pulvilio: here, Madam. [*He plucks his Peruke off, and gives it; ſhe ſmells to it.*

Mrs. Fan. Mon Dieu! Obligeant! Here is Breeding, to diveſt himſelf of his chieſeſt Ornament, to gratifie my ſenſe! 'tis very fine!

1 *La.* 'Tis admirable, I ſwear!

2 *La.* Delicate, I vow! } *The four Ladies ſmell it.*

3 & 4 *La.* Very fine!

Cou. Is de ver fine Haire, Ladee: I have a great deal of de beſt in *England* or *France*, in my Shop.

Gert. How? in your Shop! Do you keep Shop, Monſieur? How do you ſell it?

Cou.

Cou. Morbleu, vat is dis? Begar, I vill bite my Tongue. Shop! Shop! I no underſtand *Engliſh*, Shop! Vat you call de place de Jentilman putte his Peruke? Oh, his Cabinet, his Cloſet.

Mrs. Fan. Now you ſee, Madam *Gertrude*, wou'd you have him underſtand *Engliſh* like one of us? Je vous remercy; there's your Peruke again.

Trim. Sir, be pleas'd to read that Chartel, and give me ſuch an Anſwer.

Enter Sir Humphrey Noddy.

Sir Hum. Gentlemen and Ladies, I kiſs all your hands.

Cou. Pox take de Note: Ventre bleu, I can no read; but I believe is a Shallenge.

Sir Hum. Madam, Udsbud, we have drunk your Health in Bumpers Supernaculum.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, fye! ſtand off.

Cou. Hold: de Ladee no love de ſmell de Tobac.

Sir Hum. Are you there, i'faith? I hate the ſight of a *French* Dog, and I will pluck him by the Noſe.

Cou. If I draw, dey will parte mee. [*aſide.*] Morbleu, mine Honeur! mine Honeur.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Inſolence! ſave the Count, ſave the Count. [Bell *and* Wild. *part them. The Ladies ſhriek, and run to the corner of the Stage.* Oldwit *ſtaggers amongſt them drunk. The Women run out ſhrieking; with them, Ex.* Trim, *Sir* Hum. Bellamy.

Oldwit Sings. *There were three Men came out of the* Weſt,
To make Salt-petre ſtrong, &c.

Where are my Drunkards? where are my Drunkards? You flinchers, you ſober Sots! Where is my *Jezebel*, my Cockatrice, my Clogdogdo, as honeſt *Tom Otter* ſays? A ſenceleſs Jade, with her Wit, and her Breeding: She ſteals away my Drunkards. Old Spouſe, Mummy; thou that wrap'ſt thy ſelf every Night in Sear-cloths!

The Servants come in, and hold him.

Cou. Conſider I did killè de Count, and have de Blood upon me. Vel, Monſieur, you vill take de care o de buſineſs; Morbleu, Pox takè de Note, me can no read, me can no Fight: vat me can do vid de Shallange? *aſide.*

Wild. You have done rarely! let me alone; I'll protect you: but let's fly the fury of this Drunkard. [*Ex. with the Count.*

Old. Where is my Goad? my damn'd for better for worſe? She has ſtolen my Drunkards and my Wits from me. Where are my Drunkards? Rogues, let me go to my Drunkards, and my Wits, you Rogues.

There were three Men came out of the Weſt,
To make Salt Petre ſtrong;
To turn it into Gun-powder
For to Charge the King's Cannon.

[*The Servants hale him out.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Wildish, Trim.

Wild. I Am the Count's Friend, but he will not engage me: he says, he always Kills, for he never gives Quarter; and he will not be the occasion of my leaviug my Country. He must into *France*, he is a great Officer; he has laid Horses, and will be ready to escape.

Trim. Is he so inveterate an Enemy?

Wild. Yes, and Fences like a Provost: he throws in his Passes quick as Lightning, and hits what Button he pleases.

Trim. Then, if I reap the Honour of the Field, my Lawrel will be greater. At the East end of the biggest Church, you say, a quarter of an hour hence: I will not fail. I kiss your Hands, Sir. How ever the unfortunate arrival of this Count, who has prodigiously insinuated himself into my Mistresses affections, may have ruffled and disorder'd the wonted serenity of my Temper; yet in all occasions that may occur, I assure you, Sir, you shall ever find me Rational and Civil. Your humble Servant: the Time fleets quick away, and Honour calls. *Exit.*

Wild. This formal Coxcomb, I find, is stout; and the Count will find some trouble in him: but 'twill advance the Farce, to have the Ladies, who are stark mad after him, see or hear he's soundly Cudgell'd. *Enter Sir* Humphry, Sir *Humphry*, if you make not haste, the Count will be before you: he'll wait alone, at the East end of the great Church.

Sir Hum. A Pox on him; does he Fence so devilishly, and never give Quarter? Bloody Rogue! But, what care I, I make no more account of this Count, than of a Jackanapes.

Wild. Never without a Conceit!

Sir Hum. Take me without a Jest? But I'll be gone, and make the *French* Count dance a *Minouet*. Your Servant. *Exit.*

Enter Valet.

Wild. This fellow may be a Coward, by his Vapouring. Have you found the Count?

Val. Yes, Sir: very melancholy at your Lodging, where he has told me the secrets of his Heart: he bewail'd this unlucky Quarrel, which he apprehends so much, that, were he not sure, as he says, of the Love of Mrs. *Fantast*, he wou'd leave his Countship, and run from *Bury* immediately. But he is now coming hither.

Wild. Well; go about yous business, and say nothing yet. *Exit Valet.*

Enter

Enter Count.

Count. Vell, Monſieur, vat is become of dis buſineſs vid Monſieur *Jean Trim?*

Wild. I told him, I was your Friend, and I have appointed him a place to meet you in.

Cou. Begar, I vill no meet.

Wild. I have paſs'd my Honour, you ſhall be there.

Cou. Morbleu, I vill no be dere: Jerny, I vill telle you de ſecret. Dis fine Ladee Maitres *Fantaſt* is in Lovè vid me: Ventre bleu, I vill no fight; if I do, I am de very great Fool indeed, to loſè de great Fortune; for if dis dam Rogue runnè me trough de Bodee, me loſè de Maitreſs.

Wild. How, you Rogue? Loſe her! you ſhall never have her: as great an averſion as I have to her, the Frolic ſhall not go ſo far.

Cou. Ma foy, you be miſtakè: de Frolic ſhall go more far; yes indeed. *Aſide.* I vill no killè de Rogue, or be hanga for de Raſcal.

Wild. Don't trouble your ſelf: I have given him that Character of you, that he trembles at you; he'll never dare come. But we muſt be there, for our Honours ſake.

Cou. Is de Coward indeed? *Aſide.* Eh Morbleu, Monſieur, me fear no perſon dat vear de Head; but in dis caſe is no Prudance.

Wild. I have met Sir *Humphry*, and I have Challeng'd him to Fight with you, for the tweak he gave you by the Noſe: and told him, I wou'd be your Second.

Cou. Jerny, vat is dis? Begar, I vill no kille two: I vill no meet dat dam Rogue, ma foy.

Wild. I have appointed him; you muſt be there: I believe he is a Poultron; but you will be Cudgell'd by all the Men, and ſcorn'd by all the Women, if you take the Tweak by the Noſe. Come along with me, I'll tell you more.

Cou. Is better to takè de Cudgel upon de Shouldere two tree four time, den to have de Rapier trough de Bodee one time: yes, a great deal better.

Wild. Allons: here's Company coming. *Exit* Wild. *and Count.*

Enter Charles.

Cha. There goes the Rival to my Lord: Oh, may he proſper in his ſuit, and cure my Lord of his ſhort Fevor! I am ſure, he can never be ſo mean, to love one who ſhall love another. But here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Bell. Not all the ill Fortune I have ever met, can equal this; that he, whom I have lov'd ſo long, ſo true a Friend, ſo much a Man of Honour, ſhourd be my Rival! I cannot blame him for it neither; he has broken no Truſt: and any Man, that looks upon her, muſt be ſubdu'd, as I am. But my hope is yet, ſhe is unapt to Love. Oh, *Charles*, did'ſt thou ſee *Ned Wildiſh* this Evening?

Cha. Yes, my Lord: even now, he went into the *Abby-yard*.

Bell. But, what ſays my Miſtreſs to the Preſent, and the Letter, which I ſent?

Cha. She was not at home. Here is your Golden Box, full of Jewels: It is the fineſt Preſent I ever ſaw made to a Lady. My Lord, I beſeech your Lordſhip, let one of your Gentlemen carry 'em.

Bell. Is my ſervice then become irkſom to you?

Cha. Oh, no, my Lord; pray frown not: I'll plunge into the Deep, I'll run into the Fire, to do you ſervice. Pray be not angry.

Bell. I cannot tell what 'tis ſhou'd move thee to it; but thou art ſtill averſe to the proceeding of my Love.

Cha. I love you more than ever Servant lov'd a Lord: and 'tis my fear for you. My Couſin in *Northampton ſhire* is of Kin to her, your Lordſhip knows; and I once heard her ſay, ſhe had too great a Spirit for a Wife.

Bell. She has all the Beauty and Wit, of her whole Sex in her; and none of all their Vanities. Did'ſt thou not Obſerve?

Cha. I did, my Lord, that which your Lordſhip did not.

Bell. Ha! what was that?

Cha. My Lord, I fear I ſhall offend.

Bell. Yes, if you tell me not.

Cha. Did you not perceive ſhe made a difference in her looks, and entertain'd not every man with equal ſweetneſs?

Bell. He ſtings me to the Heart! [*Aſide.*] Explain your meaning.

Cha. I may miſtake; but yet, methinks, there is one Gentleman, whom ſhe beholds with greater favour, than what ſeems indifferent.

Bell. It is her gayety of Temper: you are too Jealous.

Cha. It is for you, my Lord: pray pardon me. Alas! what Intereſt can I have, but yours? I ſhou'd be loth to be Officious.

Bell. What means the Youth? ſure, young as he is, he is in Love with her; and Love will nouriſh even the higheſt Ambition: for why ſhou'd he be ſo concern'd? Where is the Letter, which I order'd you to give my Miſtreſs with the Preſent?

Cha. It is here, my Lord. [*Gives him a Note.*] Sure, this will convince him.

Bell. Ha! what do I ſee? 'Tis *Wildiſh*'s hand! To the fair hands of—— How came you by this Note?

Cha. My Lord, the Note? Ha! 'Twas my miſtake. I did, at the beginning of my Diſcourſe, intend to ſhow it to your Lordſhip; but found you wou'd be too much mov'd. It dropt from Mrs. *Gertrude*, after Dinner, and I took it up.

Bell. Why did you not reſtore it?

Cha. I, knowing the Hand, thought I might do your Lordſhip ſervice in ſhowing it to you. Will you not read it?

Bell. Did you?

Cha. Oh yes, my Lord, knowing your Lordſhip was ſo highly concern'd; and found it ſo familiar——

Bell. It was Impertinent.

Cha. My Lord!

Bell. It was not honeſt.

Cha. My Lord, my noble Lord, pray pardon my miſguided Zeal for you: impute it to my Youth, my ſmall Experience, my miſtake of Honour; Forgive me, or my Knees ſhall grow to the Earth.

Bell. Riſe, and learn better: to open others Letters is mean, and diſhonourable.

Cha.

Cha. How glad am I to have Inſtruction from you! You are a Man of ſtricteſt Honour! How ſhall I expiate my Fault, and gain your Pardon?

Bell. I pardon you, and will impute it to your want of Knowledge: and to make attonement for it, you ſhall return it to her, and make her what excuſe you can: Go inſtantly, and find her, and give me the Preſent, with my Letter [*Exit.*

Cha. Into how ſad, and how perplex'd a caſe, has my too headſtrong Paſſion brought me, which every day increaſes, while my hopes grow leſs? What proſpect have I now, or glimps of Comfort? She, in a little time, muſt love as I do. What ſhall I ſay to her? She will diſcover me: She ſaid, ſhe never ſaw one yet ſo like her Siſter, but for the colour of my Hair; I overheard her: What ſhall I do? Hold: If this Jealouſie ſhou'd make him fight with *Wildiſh*, I am loſt! I'll follow him; for, ſure, I ſhall be Valiant in his Cauſe. Oh, wicked raſhneſs! *Exit.*

Wildiſh *and Count, in the Abby-yard.*

Wild. 'Tis a fine Moon-light night: theſe Fellows are Poultrons, and dare not come.

Count. 'Tis de grand pity dat de Coward ſhould be ſuffer to live indeed, me vould hang de Coward. Begar, is time to go.

Wild. We muſt ſtay a little: if they come, I'll run Sir *Humphry* through the Lungs, while you whip the other through.

Cou. Jerny, vat, ſtay for de Coward? Begar, I ſcorn to ſtay for de Coward: ver well indeed, de man of Courage ſtay for de Coward! is no Raiſon for dat.

VVild. I ſee two coming toward us; they are them two.

Enter Bellamy *and* Charles.

Cou. Pox take him, he does Love de Tilt: Ma foy, is all one for dat; begar, I vill no meet dem: dey have affronte me, to make me vait ſo long time; and I vill putte de affront upon dem, an leave dem now dey be come. [*Walks haſtily*

Wild. Monſieur le Count, come back: What, will you leave me to two? *away.*

Cou. Hum, hum, hum; me vill no come back. [Wildiſh *overtakes him, and*

Bell. Mr. *Wildiſh.* *lays hold on him.*

Wild. My Lord.

Cou. O, begar is my Lor; de Coward vill no come.

Bell. I have ſomewhat to ſay to you, which concerns me nearly.

VVild. My Lord, I lately have perceiv'd ſomething of you, that lyes heavy at my heart.

Bell. I never yet met with misfortune which cou'd equal this.

VVild. I know too well your meaning. I never yet had any Croſs, which I with eaſe could not have born before.

Bell. We have been Friends.

VVild. Long Friends, and true.

Bell. I think ſo.

VVild. How, my Lord, do you but think ſo?

Bell. I never, till this day, had the leaſt doubt. What pleaſant Converſation, what Endearments, what mutual Kindneſſes, have paſs'd betwixt us.

VVild And are you weary of my Friendſhip, that you reſolve to break with me, by doubting it? How have I lov'd you preſent? with what regret have I

ſuſtain'd your abſence? how often have we ventur'd our Lives for one another's Honour? And am I chang'd, my Lord?

Bell. Oh yes, Friend, we are both Chang'd: I have a Miſtreſs now, ſo Charming, it is impoſſible that I ſhou'd Live without her.

Wild. I have a Miſtreſs too; ſo much above her Sex, ſo Fair, ſo Witty, ſo Engaging, that I muſt Enjoy her, or I periſh!

Bell. How? Enjoy her! Take heed, Friend.

Wild. I mean all Honour to her.

Bell. Wou'd you poſſeſs the Miſtreſs of your Friend?

Wild. Wou'd you poſſeſs the Miſtreſs of your Friend?

Bell. How, Sir? do you Eccho me?

Wild. The Caſe, my Lord, is ſo. Once, there was nothing in the World ſo dear to me, as you; but, ſince I knew my Miſtreſs, I wou'd quit all that is precious in the World, e're I wou'd loſe her.

Bell. What do I hear! Sir, have you then poſſeſſion of her?

Wild. A Sanguine man is never out of hope: I have her in Imagination now methinks.

Bell. Methinks, you go too faſt, Sir; you know my Temper: Sir, how long do you think that I can bear a Rival?

Wild. I can conſider nothing but her, and her, and only her.

Bell. You ſlight me, Sir.

Wild. I hope I have more manners.

Cha. Oh, how I tremble! They will Fight, and I am loſt for ever!

Con. Dey ſeem in de Paſſion. If dey two be mad, as to makè de Duel, dey vill takè me for de Second, againſt dat littel Jentilman, de Page; and I have ſeen de Page in *France* Fence like de Diable: he vill putte his Rapier in my Bodee; me vill ſteal away. *Steals out.*

Bell. I am agreed upon Articles with her Father, who is her Guardian.

Wild. And I am endeavouring to agree upon Articles with her: which is a ſhorter way.

Bell. But 'tis not ſo fair a way.

Wild. How, not ſo fair?

Bell. No: nor can any man enjoy her, while I live.

Wild. 'Sdeath! what do you ſay? Defend your ſelf.

Bell. I am always ready to do that. *They fight.* Charles *runs out.* Wildiſh *drops his Sword; then ſtrives to run in to* Bell. *who offers him his.*

Cha. Help! help! murder, murder! help, help!

Bell. Hold, Sir; hold: you want a Sword; pray make uſe of mine.

Wild. You are generous, my Lord; my Life's yours, and ſo it was before, and whatſoever I cou'd call mine was ſo; except my Miſtreſs.

Bell. Let us be ſtill ſuch Friends: there's not a man on Earth I value equal with you.

Enter Charles.

Cha. They are embracing! bleſs'd Heav'n! I hope my Lord's not hurt.

Bell. What remains then, but we proceed like men of Reaſon; each take his way to gain the Divine Creature's Love? And, ſince one muſt be for ever miſerable, let her be Arbitreſs of our two Fates. *Wild.*

Wild. You ſtill poſſeſs the ſame Honour which you ever had; I am now your moſt unhappy, but moſt faithful Friend. *They embrace.*

Enter the Count.

Cou. Is de Fight done? Oh, dey embrace, is no dangere.

Wild. You moſt impudent Cowardly Dog! if you had not run away, you might have parted us, and not have ſuffer'd Friends to Fight. *Kicks him.*

Coun. Hold, hold: is ver well, you kicke de *French* Count! Begar, you ſhow de Breeding: Kicke de Count! you take me for de Barbier; ver fine, yes indeed.

Wild. Sirrah, you ſhall be Count no longer: this Frolic ſhall not turn to earneſt.

Cou. I vill be gone, an gette de Ladee, for all dat. Adieu: Jerny, me vill no ſtay to be kicke.

Wild. My Lord, I muſt take off this Rogue, my Honour may be queſtion'd: for, tho I hate the Affected Creature, I wou'd not have this go on to a Marriage, or a Contract. I'll follow him.

Bell. You have reaſon: by what I over-heard, 'twill come to one of them, if you prevent 'em not. *Exit* Wildiſh.

Come *Charles*, come along with me: this Evening all the Company will be in the Fair, and there I muſt meet my Miſtreſs.

Cha. What deadly ſound is this! On every ſide I am loſt! *Exeunt.*

Trim *in the Church-yard*; *and Sir* Humphry *ſtanding cloſe under a Pillar of the Church.*

Trim. I could not have imagin'd, that this French Count ſhould be ſo devoid of Breeding, and the Decencies which become all Gentlemen, as to make me wait ſo long, upon ſo important an occaſion.

Sir. Hum. This damn'd *French* Count will ſtay here for ever, I think: A Pox on him, for a Blood-thirſty Raſcal! But I will outſtay him, and face him down, that I waited here for him; and there may be hopes it may be taken up. Gad take me, he's a Murdrous Rogue, and I will not Fight! I durſt have ſworn he had been a Coward.

Trim. Will he never appear?

Enter La. Fantaſt, *Mrs.* Fantaſt, *two Men Servants.*

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, I am ruined, if my dear Count ſhou'd Fight! my Paſſion is extream, as his for me.

L. Fan. I cannot blame thee, Daughter: he is the moſt Charming Perſon, that ever my eyes beheld!

M. Fan. Oh, Madam, ſhou'd he fall, I never can ſurvive him! *He las, mon pauvre Ceur!*

L. Fan. Sir *Humphrey* was ſeen come into the Church-yard.

Trim. Here is Company: I muſt retire.

Sir Hum. Ounds, the Rogue will find me out! he comes upon me!

[*He ſtands up cloſe*: Trim *comes upon him.*

Trim. Ha! who's this?

Sir. Hum. Oh pox is it he? *Jack*, *Jack*, little *Jack*, nown *Jack*, my Lad!

Trim. Jack! Jack! Jack! Sir, you are too familiar, and by your Apiſh Geſticulations have endeavour'd to expoſe my Perſon on all occaſions; for which, now

now we are opportuuely met; I will Chaſtiſe you, as becomes a Gentleman.

Sir Hum. Why *Jack*! nown *Jack*! what, art thou mad? Pr'y thee kiſs me.

Trim. I will ſalute you in another manner. *Strikes him with his Sword.*

Sir Hum. Why *Jack*, *Jack*, prethee leave fooling.

Trim. Draw: or I will Sacrifice you to my juſt Revenge, this very individual Moment. Have at you.

Sir Hum. Hold, hold! this Rogue will kill me. [*He draws.* Trim *puſhes at him, and his Sword falls:* Sir Humphrey *takes it up.*

Mrs. Fan. Oh Heaven! there they are Fighting! Run, run, and ſave the Count! Oh, ſave the —— *She runs, and* L. Fan. *after her.*

L. Fan. Oh, ſave the Count! ſave the Count!

Sir Hum. Take your Life; I give you your Life: and learn how you provoke me another time.

Mrs. Fan. Piſh! are theſe two here?

Sir Hum. Take notice I give him his Life.

Mrs. Fan. Is this all? Madam, let's go.

L. Fan. Come on. *Exeunt haſtily.*

Trim. Sir, you have good Fortune only, but no Valour, to boaſt of.

Sir Hum Sir, I have diſarm'd you, and there's an end on't.

Trim. You will return my Rapier, as becomes a Gentleman?

Sir Hum. Gad take me, not I, till you come in the Fair: for ought I know, a Whim may take you to fight again.

Trim. Sure, I have a greater ſhare of Honour, and a greater ſtock of Breeding, than to commit ſuch an Error againſt him whom Fortune has preſented with that advantage.

Sir Hum. Uds bud, I'll not truſt you: follow me. But I am reſolv'd to Cudgel this damnable Couut, for a Coward.

Trim. And I likewiſe: and ſurely Cudgels will render him obnoxious to the Hate and Scorn of Madam *Fantaſt*.

Sir Hum. I'll lay him on. Come, follow me. [*Exit.*

Trim. That Perſons ſhou'd frequent *Bury*, and ſuck in no more Breeding, is I muſt confeſs Prodigious! [*Exit.*

Scene, the Fair. [*They Cry their ſeveral Wares.*

Enter Wildiſh: *to him, the Count.*

Wild. Where is this damn'd Count? Oh, here. Do you hear, Sirrah? I am told, you have ſucceeded ſo far with this Fantaſtick fooliſh Creature, that ſhe will Marry you.

Count. Den, begar, I have makè de *French* Count ver vel.

Wild. If you make any farther application, I will cut your Throat. But, in the firſt place, I will un-Count you, and cut off your Train, Sir.

Count. Vel, vel, vat you pleaſe: ma foy, ſhe Lovè me ver vel. Sall I makè de Fornication vid her? begar, I vil no Marry upon my Honeur.

Wild. I had rather you ſhou'd do that, than Marry her; but I will have no more Love to her: and then carry on your Countſhip as much as you will; you

you may have your choice of others. But be ſure to uſe the Cowards ſcurvily.

Count. I warrant you, I vil beatè dem.

Wild. Then Cudgelling will enſue. [*Aſide.*

Count. Jerny, he cuttè my Troat! Begar, me makè de great Laugh at dat: he no dare behanga; me vil havè de Ladee for all dis; me know de Law.

Enter four Ladies.

1 *Lady.* Oh, Monſieur *le Count, Serviteur*!

2 *Lady.* Monſieur, your humble Servant.

3 *Lady.* Monſieur, I am your's, I aſſure you.

4 *Lady.* Oh, my Lord, we thought the Fair had loſt you.

Count. Madams, me kiſſe all your Hande: me wou'd be two tree four Count for your ſaka; begar, me vil makè two tree four Cuckold, and Marry de Ladee too. [*He walks forward, with two on each hand.*

Enter Gertrude.

Wild. Oh, my moſt cruel Miſtreſs!

Gert. Oh, my moſt ungracious Servant; can I come no where, but you muſt croſs me with your unlucky Countenance?

Wild. You can come no where, but I will indeavour to Bleſs my ſelf with the ſight of your's, or I muſt die.

Ger. Oh, that it were in my Power to make a Lover hang himſelf! then I wou'd Triumph for the reſt of my poor deluded Sex. They talk of being Martyrs, and Dying, and Dying, and ſuch ſtuff; but wou'd I cou'd ſee one of 'em Die once: that wou'd be worth the ſeeing.

Wild. My pretty Charming Tyrant, ſure you are not ſo bloody minded!

Ger. Well, I am of opinion, that a Lady is no more to be accounted a Beauty, till ſhe has kill'd her Man; than the Bullies think one a fine Gentleman, till he has kill'd his.

Wild. I muſt beg leave to be a little more ſerious with you.

Ger. Never; why, you'l come to the Point then, which I can never endure: Love in Jeſt, is but juſt Tolerable; but ſerious Love is duller than a Rhyming Play.

Wild. My caſe is now more deſperate than I thought: I have diſcover'd, that my greateſt Friend, a man of Worth and Honour, is my Rival.

Ger. Ne'r the more the deſperate for that; 'twas full as deſperate before: but, if you be a true Friend to him, give over troubling me.

Wild. How! have you then made choice of him?

Ger. Of neither: but, if I can be once rid of you, he is ſomewhat modeſter, and I doubt not but to ſhake him off. Here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Wild. Theſe free-ſpirited Ladies are hard to be ſubdu'd: a Man may get Ten modeſt, meek, and ſhamefac'd Ladies, e're he can conquer one of theſe; they have not the Heart to deny.

Ger. My Lord, I beſeech your Lordſhip, no Love in the Fair.

Bell. How hard is my Condition; who have ſo Cruel a Miſtreſs, and ſo deſerving a Rival! and, which is moſt unfortunate, my greateſt Friend too!

Wild. In the firſt part of my Character, you do me too much Honour: but in the later, you are Juſt.

Ger.

Ger. So; here's a fine Subject for a Love and Honour Poet! But you are in no danger of him; for I am resolv'd to keep my self free, and incline to none: Methinks 'tis Air I tread! how light I am without a yoke!

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Oh, my little *Gatty!* Ha, my Lord! here's Flesh and Blood for you! will she not make a rare Bedfellow?

Ger. Fy, Sir, what do you mean? Farewel. [*She walks out.*

Old. You must both Sup with me, my Lord, and you, Sir. I have had Company with me; and we have had such a Discourse about Wit: they, of the New Wit; and I of the Old Wit, and my own things I writ in the last Age.

Wild. Well, and you run 'em down, I make no doubt.

Enter Lady Fantast, *and Mrs.* Fantast.

La. Fan. Servant, Ladies.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *Monsieur Le Count*, I am o'rejoy'd, to see you safe!

Count. Safe, Madam! Begar, *Trim* and Sir *Noddy* be de two great Coward indeed, and me beata dem like two Dogua; yes, fait.

Mrs. Fan. If your pretended passion have Reality, follow me to our House: you are in danger for my sake, and I will stick to you with my Life and Fortune; come instantly, there are Spies upon us. Madam, come away.

La. Fan. I come, dear Child. *Exit La. Fan. and Mrs. Fan.*

Coun. Poor Rogua! she love me extrememant! Begar, Monsieur *Vildish* is an Ass, an me vil have de Ladee for all him. *Aside.*

Old. What? a *French* Barber and Peruke-maker, and no Count! Hang him, he wou'd not Drink, I thought there was no good in him.

Wild. I am to beg a Thousand Pardons of you: 'twas my Frolic, but 'tis gone too far; for, if you don't prevent it, he may marry Mrs. *Fantast*.

Old. Nay, faith, 'tis no great matter if he does: wou'd he cou'd marry the Mother too; for, under the Rose, never man was so plagu'd with a couple of Impertinent, Fantastic Jades, as I with them: And to compleat the Affliction, they must pretend to Wit before me, and will allow me to have none!

Wild. That indeed is most unsufferable. *The Count is very busie talking with*

Old. Ay, is't not? *the four Ladies. On* Trim's *Entrance, he makes up to him.*

Enter Trim.

Wild. Now is your time, Count, to put an affront upon that Coward.

Count. Lette me alone for dat. Begar, I am amaze, dat de Coward dare show his Face any where: Begar, I vill plucke you by de Nose, because you no dare mee a me.

Trim. And I will make that return which becometh a man of Honour to do in like cases. *He Cudgels him. The Ladies shriek, and run away.*

Count. Jerny, vat is dis? vat you do? You Canè de Count! Begar, you show de Breeding. Hold, hold: vat you do? Monsieur *Vildish*, my Lor, stand by me. *He draws, and* Trim *lays him on: He runs away, and meets Sir* Humphry *on the other side of the Stage, who cudgels him too. He runs backward and forward, and is Cudgell'd on both sides. The Constable with a Guard Enters, and knocks* Trim *and Sir* Humphry *down, and the Count escapes.*

Sir

Sir Hum. Are you there, you Coward?

Coun. Eh, Morbleu! vat is dis?

Bell. Now it works.

Oldw. Paſſing good, i'faith! Come, let's to my Houſe. *Ex.* Wild. Old & Bell.

Conſt. Come, Gentlemen, you ſhall go before the Alderman: he'll teach you to make a Diſturbaace in the Fair.

Trim. Sweet Mr. Conſtable; Sir, Sir; Mr. Conſtable, Mr. Conſtable!

Conſt. Away with 'em, I ſay. *They hale 'em out.* *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Oldwit, *and Mrs.* Gertrude.

Old. I Shall have nothing but Uproars and Quarrels in my Family: *Trim* and Sir *Humphry* have quarrell'd with the Count, about Madam *Fantaſt*, with a Pox to her; and even now my Lord *Bellamy* and Mr. *Wildiſh* have fought about you, as the Page ſaid, and I heard it.

Gert. How? Fought about me!

Old. So I ſay, I ſhall have my fooliſh Family the whole Diſcourſe of this Tittle-Tattle Town. Look you, Daughter, I knew not of Mr. *Wildiſh*'s Love to you; they have both very good Eſtates: but Mr. *Wildiſh* is a Wit, a great Wit, ifaith. I leave you to your Choice.

Gert. I thank you, Sir: then I chuſe neither of 'em, nor any other.

Old. Thou art ſo wild, and ſuch a skittiſh Filly, you muſt be Tam'd and Marry'd. Come, come, determine your choice ſuddenly, which they have paſt their Honours ſhall determine them, or Battel and Murder may enſue about you.

Gert. I am not ſo vain, to believe that.

Old. Be not ſo fooliſh to believe otherwiſe. Look you, they are coming in, and you are to ſit upon Life and Death: be an upright Judge, and do not delay Juſtice; I muſt have an end of this Suit preſently. Farewel. *Exit.*

Gert. A very grave Judge ſhall I be, without doubt! But I think the Petticoat may vye for Wiſdom and Sincerity, with the Long Robe, before our late Reſtauration.

Enter Charles.

Char. Madam, this Letter, which fell from your Ladiſhip accidentally, came into my Lords hands; and he commanded me to deliver it to you, unread, and unopen'd, tho he knew the Hand. *Exit.*

Gert. How? my Note fallen into his hands! How unlucky was this! Ha, gone! How ſtrangely this Youth reſembles my Siſter *Philadelphia*! This is handſomely done of my Lord, and like a Man of Honour.

Enter Lord Bellamy, *and* Wildish : Charles *steals in after them.*

Wild. Madam, behold a pair of Rivals, hand in hand, and Friends.

Bell. Who come to proſtrate themſelves at your Feet, and muſt from your fair Mouth expect their Doom.

Char. Oh, ſhe will chuſe my Lord, and I muſt periſh! [*Aſide.*

Wild. To whom ever you ſhall give leave to continue your Servant, the other will quietly Retire, and ſuffer his hard Fate with all the Patience that he can: But if I am Rejected, I ſhall be for ever miſerable.

Bell. And to me, Heaven knows, not all the World beſides, can recompence the loſs of you.

Char. Ah me! [*Aſide.*

Gert. Are you reſolv'd to be in Earneſt, and wou'd you make me ſo? I have not yet determin'd to marry any one.

Wild. Muſt we then both ſue on, and try by conſtant Service to obtain your Heart?

Gert. No, no: you will oblige me more, if you will both deſiſt. I have that Joy in Freedom, that I cannot think of parting with it yet.

Bell. You are born to Command, and always muſt be Free.

Wild. I love ſo, Madam, I muſt be your Slave for ever.

Gert. Yes, if you Love, ſo long I may keep you at my Command: but this ſame Whorſon Marriage kills all Love, and makes beſt Friends fall out.

Bell. Nothing can ever make my Love decreaſe.

Gert. Yes, if I love again: as Fire takes out Fire.

Wild. Not all your Cruelty can Tame my Love: which, if it be ſo Raging now, what wou'd your Kindneſs make it?

Gert. Oh, Marriage is a Soveraign Julep; and Thirſt grows leſs apace by Drinking.

Bell. Not where 'tis a Diſtemper, a Violent Fever; as all Love is, ſure.

Gert. Too violent to laſt.

Wild. Madam, in ſhort, if you do not determine which of us ſhall have leave to ſue, implicitly you give it both of us.

Gert. Is that your Logic, Sir? No: in the firſt place, I never will give you leave to make the leaſt Addreſs to me more.

Char. Oh, I am loſt! *Swoons, and falls down upon a Chair.*

Bell. What's the matter?

Gert. Your Page is in a ſwoon: Help, help! Open his Breaſt. Oh Heav'n! this is a Woman!

Bell. & Wild. A Woman!

Gert. She comes to herſelf.

Char. Oh, Madam, I am your Siſter: for Heavens ſake, conceal me! [*In whiſper.*

Gert. Run up privately into my Chamber quickly. I am amaz'd! This is Prodigious!

Bell. A Woman! Madam, I was never ſo ſurpriz'd.

Gert. No doubt, you are ſurpriz'd; and ſo was ſhe: I believe ſhe is run out of doors in haſte enough.

Bell.

Bell. Accurs'd misfortune! I am undone for ever! I'll haſten and have a full account of all this matter. *Exit haſtily.*

Gert. Aſide.] I hope, he knew her not. My Siſter! This is an admirable Lover! Let my wiſe Father keep him to himſelf, I have done with him.

Wild. Will you be pleas'd then to begin with me? I am the trueſt Lover of my Sex.

Gert. If you are, I'll keep you ſo: for, ſhou'd I think of Marrying you, I give up my Dominion. No, no; I will Dómineer ſeven years firſt.

Wild. 'Sdeath Madam, ſeven years! What, do you take me for a Patriarch; ſerve ſeven years? They might ſtay, who begun at Fourſcore to get Sons and Daughters: but I have but a ſhort time to live.

Gert. I am ſure, if I ſhou'd Marry you, I ſhou'd have but a ſhort time to Reign.

Wild. Conſider, Madam.

Gert. I have conſider'd: Farewel. *Exeunt.*

Count, Mrs. Fantaſt.

Mrs. Fan. How glad I am, to ſee you ſafe! Your Life is beſet, for my ſake; and I am bound in Honour to protect it.

Count. Madam, you havè de great ſhare of Honeur, and de great ſhare of de Beautee; but for de Rival, I vill beat and killè dem all.

Mrs. Fan. They are a greater number, Monſieur, than you imagine.

Count. Begar, all dat look upon you are de Rival; butte dey dat makè de Love, I vill makè de Example: I had killè two of dem juſt now, but de Fair all riſe upon me, and make me makè de Retreat.

Mrs. Fan. Heav'n grant you be not *bleſſee*, Monſieur.

Count. Me havè no Wound, Madam, but vat you givè me trough de Art: de Dangere of de Rival, Morbleu, me deſpisè; me vill runne dem trough de Bodee dus, in Quart, Second, Tierce; hah, hah, hah. *He thruſts with his drawn Sword.* Butte you can no ſavè my Life, if you no Lovè my Perſon, and Marry vid my Perſon.

Mrs. Fan. Oh *je ſuis rouge*, you make me bluſh: I fear, you have *decouvre* more of my Tendreſs, than I wou'd have had you.

Count. Madamma, if you will makè me your Husband, you ſtoppe all de inſolance of de Rival, and makè me appy beyond de Varle: elſe, me vill be bound in Honeur to killè two tree Rival every day, every day, Madam, and dat vill be Bloody varke; butte is all one for dat, if you no Marry vid me, me am deſperate.

M. Fan. Tho, I muſt confeſs, I never met ſuch Charms in any Perſon; yet I ſhou'd be cenſur'd for being too precipitous, in agreeing ſo ſoon to your Honourable Propoſals.

Count. Vee vill go into *France*, beyond de Cenſure, to de great Chatteau of min, as big as *Amptong Coor*, vid de great Canaille, de great Park, & de grand Royalty, vid two tree grand Chatteau beſide: butte it muſt be ſodain; for de grand Monarque expectè me.

Enter Lady Fantaſt.

L. Fan. Come, Daughter, I have been acquainted before with my Lord Count's Honourable Paſſion towards you; and he is a Perſon of undoubted Excellence: you have full Ten Thouſand pounds; and I ſhall think your Fortune and your Perſon well beſtow'd, upon a noble Gentleman of ſuch grand Merit.

Count. Oh, faire Madamma, you do me de great Honeur: me no care for de Monèe, it is de Perſon; dis hope makè me all on Flame. Madam, gettè de Parſon, de Miniſter, to diſpatchè de buſineſſe preſantleè.

L. Fan. Sir, it is Night: 'tis not de Canonical hour.

Count. Is all one: de good Roman Catolique Prieſt vill do it preſantlee.

M. Fan. No, by no means; not till to morrow, Madam.

Count. Breakè de Gold, and makè de Contract den now: dat vill breakè de Art of all de Rival, and makè dem ſneakè, likè de pitiful Roga, Begar.

L. Fan. Let it be ſo, Daughter: if by any accident you ſhou'd loſe the Count, we were undone.

M. Fan. *Ouy ſans doubt*, I ſhou'd be moſt miſerable.

Enter Luce, *and Page to the Count.*

L. Fan. Oh, *Luce*, you are come in ſeaſon.

Luce. My Lord Count, your Page is here to ſpeak with you.

Count. Let him come in. Hey, Page. Let all be witneſs of de Contract: me vill be no Fourb, no Frippon. Upon de Knee me Swearè to Marry dis Ladee Madam *Fantaſt*, to morrow in de morning. [*He kneels.*

L. Fan. Daughter, you muſt Promiſe: Come, never be aſham'd of ſo tranſcendent a Choice.

M. Fan. I am Obedient: I ſwear to marry this Noble Perſon *Mounſieur le Count de Cheveux*, to morrow morning. [*She kneels.*

Count. Ah, Madamma, now breake de Gold, de Broad Piece; ſo, is done; and now, riſe up ma cher Counteſs.

M. Fan. *Eh, mon Chere Count!*

L. Fan. Millions of Joys fall on you both. I weep for Joy.

Nicb. Maſter, they have got the Report now all over the Town, that you are a Barber, and Peruke-maker; your Equipage is revolted: Mr. *Wildiſh*'s Men talk it every where, and my Lord *Bellamy*'s Men; and 'tis in every Body's mouth.

Count. Begar, dey be de Rogua, de Scoundrella: but begon from dis Houſe, and be ſeen no more here; and ſay, you can no findè me. [*Exit Page.*

M. Fan. Somebody's coming up; a Rival, I believe; Pray, go into my Cloſet [*A noiſe of ſome coming up Stairs.*

Count. Where, where is de Cloſet? Begar, I vou'd killè de Rival before your Face, but is not Decent, Madam.

M. Fan. Madam, I beſeech you entertain 'em, while I retire with *Mon cher Count.* [*They retire into the Cloſet, where they peep out to liſten.*

Enter Trim.

Trim. Madam, I kiſs your Ladiſhips fair hands.

L. Fan. Your Servant, ſweet Mr. *Trim.*

Trim.

Trim. Cou'd I think to have liv'd to have ſeen this inauſpitious Day, who had ſo long admir'd the Beauty, and ador'd the Mind of my Divine *Dorinda*? That I, having devoted not only my Heart, but all the Actions of my Life to her Service, ſhou'd be thus Sacrific'd to a *Frenchman*!

L. Fan. 'Tis a moſt fatal Miſtake: ſhe bears a moſt profound Reſpect towards the worthy Mr. *Trim.*

Trim. At his firſt approach, her ſad indifference appear'd in the Bud, which ſince has ſprouted up to compleat Scorn; And all for this *Frenchman*, this falſe Count, this Impoſtor!

L. Fan. How? Falſe Count!

Count. Lettè me go: Begar, I vill runnè him trough de Bodee.

M. Fan. You ſhall not ſtir.

Trim. Yes; he is a falſe Count, and a true Barber and Peruke-maker.

Count. Jerny, dam Roguè, makè de great Lyè of me! Lettè me go, Madamma; me vill killè de Roguè, for dis affront.

M. Fan. I will not part with you out of my Arms.

L. Fan. Sir, be not ſo temerarious: he is one of the Nobleſs, and his Nature's vindicative in Honour's Cauſe.

Trim. Hang him, Snip-ſnap Rogue, I contemn him; I Challeng'd him: he is a Coward, and durſt not anſwer my Chartel to meet me; for which, I exercis'd him plentifully with this numerical Cane.

Count. O de dam Lyè Roguè! Begar, me muſt killè him, for mine Honeur. Morbleu, Madamma, me did beata dis Raſcal, likè de Spaniel Dogue, indeed.

M. Fan. Let him Lye on: I'll revenge it.

L. Fan. You muſt pardon me, Sir, if I give not Credit to what you ſay: I am aſſur'd, he's as brave a Gentleman as e're drew Sword, and a great Commander.

Trim. I do averr, That he's a Barber in *Pickadilly*.

L. Fan, Ha, ha, ha: that's a Jeſt! My Daughter and I miſtake in Breeding and Quality!

Enter Sir Humphrey.

Sir Hum. Oh, Madam, I am come to vent my juſt Reſentments, for the Slight your Daughter has put upon me for this damn'd Raſcally Count, whom I tweak'd by the Noſe laſt Night. I Challeng'd him: he dar'd not meet; but, by Croſs-biting, made *Jack* here, little *Jack* and me meet, and fall out; and you ſaw me give him his Life,

Trim. If you hold your own at any rate, boaſt not once more: if you perſiſt, you will awaken my Fury till it may deſtroy you.

Sir Hum. Prethee, *Jack*, hold thy peace: thou art the peeviſheſt Fellow! But after all, this Count of yours is a Rogue, a Cheat; he's a Barber in *Pickadilly*.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha: as if my Daughter and I cou'd take a Barber for a Count! Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Hum. Udsbud, this Fellow's a Barber: I can prove it upon him.

Count. Oh, Madamma, me beg upon de Knee dat you vill lettè me but killè deſe two, and me vill killè no more, upon mine Honeur. De Devil can no makè de Lye ſo.

Sir

Sir Hum. Nay, Gad take me, I don't much care; I have a good Eſtate, and I ſhall have Women enough Court me, where I need not apprehend a *French* Count, made of a Barber and a Peruke-maker; a damn'd Coward too, that durſt not meet me; but I Cudgel'd him ſo in the Fair, *Jack*, hah! that he will not be very Active awhile.

Count. Ah, Madam, dey provokè me beyondè de Pa iance.

Mrs. Fan. Go in, I ſay; and let me alone with them. [*She locks him in.* I have over-heard you; and wonder much you dare Calumniate a Perſon of ſuch Breeding, Quality, and Honour, as the Count! Your Lives were not worth a Farthing, if he heard you. Is this like Gentlemen?

Sir Hum. Honour! hang him, Scoundrel: Gad take me, I Cudgel'd him, till my Arm akes; a damn'd Cowardly Barber and Peruke-maker.

Trim. And I chaſtis'd him in like manner moſt exorbitantly.

M. Fan. You are inſolent, thus to Traduce a Perſon of his Worth!

L. Fan. Call you this Breeding; to Challenge and abuſe a Perſon of Quality in my Houſe, for his Gallantry to my Daughter?

M. Fan. How dare you commit the Inſolence, to Challenge a Perſon whom I favour? and then to blacken his unſpotted Fame? when I know you dare not meet him, and he cudgel'd you.

Trim. Admir'd *Dorinda*, the Faculties of whoſe noble Soul did uſe to ſhine more bright, than to be led into ſo groſs an Error as to miſtake a Barber for a Count——

M. Fan. Ha, ha, ha: My Lady and I miſtake Breeding and Quality, and take a Barber for a Nobleman! *Mondieu*, this is Malice, meer Envy of my Favours.

L. Fan. If my Daughter and *I* can miſtake in ſuch material Points, who can be Judges?

Sir Hum. Nay, for my part, Madam, if you muſt love a Cudgel'd Barber, and take him for a valiant Count; make much of him, I ſhall deſiſt: there are more Ladies, Heav'n be thanked.

Trim. Yes, Sir, there are more Ladies: but, if any man affirms, that my fair *Dorinda* has an Equal; I thus fling down my Glove, and do demand the Combat for her Honour. This is a nice point of Honour I have hit. [*Aſide.*

Sir Hum. Why, *Jack*, *Jack*, nown *Jack*; what, art thou Mad? *Jack*, *Jack*!

Trim. Prethee *Jack* me no *Jacks*; but ſpeak with Honour of my Miſtreſs, or Draw.

L. Fan. What, more Quarrels in my Houſe!

Sir Hum. Prethee, *Jack*: why, I gave thee thy Life, Man. What, a Devil, if you be ſo peeviſh. Fare you well. Ladies, your humble Servant: and a Pox of all Cowardly *French* Peruke-makers, I ſay.

M. Fan. Quell inſolance! I will not hear his Honour leſſen'd ſo.

Trim. 'Tis an undoubted Verity, moſt inevitably true, that he is a Barber, Madam.

M. Fan. 'Tis falſe. 'Tis the baſeſt malice to blacken men in abſence: he is a Perſon, in whom all Charms are met.

Trim. He Charms! Alas, *Dorinda*, whither do you ſtray? *M. Fan.*

M. Fan. Begon: avoid my Preſence.

Trim. Can my *Derinda.*——

M. Fan. I ſay, begon.

Trim. Will you not hear?

M. Fan. No.

Trim. I obey: I ſay no more at preſent. [*Exit.*

M. Fan. Monſieur, my dear Count come forth.

Count. Ah, Madam ma Chere, mine Honeur! de Barbier! de Peruke-man! Morbleu, vy do dey no callè me de Tinkre, de Jugler, vat dey vill? If you pleaſe lettè me kille deſe two Rogua, you vill obligè me ver muſh indeed, my dear Counteſs.

M. Fan. Wou'd you kill me, by bringing your ſelf into that Danger? No; Let the happy Lovers, Love and Revel:

——*Hi ſunt de pace triumphi,*
Bella gerent alios.

L. Fan. Here's ſome coming: keep my Lord Count in your Lodging, till Three in the morning, I will have a Coach ready to carry you to be Marry'd.

Count. I beſeech you, let me but kill one Rogua.

M. Fan. In, into the Cloſet.

Count. But one, Madam. Callè de Count, de Barbier! Jerny bleu, vat is dis?

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Where is my moſt Wiſe and Subtle Spouſe, with her Witty well Bred Daughter?

L. Fan. What have you to do with Wit, or Breeding?

Old. Such counterfeit Breeding and falſe Wit, as you, old doting Fop, with the moſt Affected and Fantaſtick Thing your Daughter do poſſeſs, I utterly renounce.

L. Fan. What ſays the Antiquated Wit, with his Shreds of old Poets?

Mrs. Fan. Helas! you be de very fine Judge indeed! Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Judge; ha, ha, ha! Have a care of loſing your *Engliſh*, before you have gotten another Language. But, do you hear? In earneſt, do you two think that you two have either Wit, or Breeding?

Mrs. Fan. Think! we know we have: and that you want both, is too evident by your Queſtion.

L. Fan. Yes, thou old Lumber full of Frippery, we have: while, Heav'n knows, you have neither.

Old. Ounds; what, I no Wit?

L. Fan. No.

Mrs. Fan. No.

Old. No, no! why, thou piece of Clock-work, thou haſt no Teeth; no Hair, no Eye-brows, no Complexion, but what coſt thee Money: and, but for Iron Bodice, art as crooked as a Bugle Horn; and I have made an Epigram upon thee.

She's

She's bent, like a Nine-pence; and had been quite broken,
Had not Nature intended the Devil a-Token:
Sure, Heav'n in its Indignation hath made her,
And in her Mam's crooked Paunch Neck and Heels laid her.

There's Wit, old Sybil, for thee.

L. Fan. That VVit, you ſilly old Fumbler! You are an *Opprobrium* to the name of VVit, thou ill-bred old Sot.

Mrs. Fan. You a VVit! Eh Gud! The very Spirit of *Grubſtreet* Reigns in you.

Old. Thou young *Jezebel*, with nothing natural about thee! thou look'ſt as if thou wert painted by ſome leud Painter for the Sign of Folly, with ſuch turning up of Eyes, and ſcrewing of Faces, with Convulſions in your Mouth:

She makes wry Mouths, and chews every word,
Like an old Sow, that ſimpereth with a new T———

You underſtand me. There's VVit for you both now, you Brace of Flirts. I no Wit, quoth they!

Mrs. Fan. If Rudeneſs, Railing, and Ill Breeding, may paſs for Wit, you are plentifully endu'd; but I deſpiſe it.

L. Fan. An old Soaker, with a white Head, a red Face, a Brain clouded with Fumes, and empty of Wit, full of Whims and Maggots.

Old. Come, come, you brace of Fopdoodles, where's your *French* Barber you are both ſo fond of; and you are to Marry, Mrs. Wit? A pox on him: if he cou'd Marry you both, with all my Heart.

L. Fan. What, have you gotten that ſilly ſtory too? Ha, ha.

Mrs. Fan. This is rais'd by ſome *London* Wit, ſome Laugher: They call it Shamming.

L. Fan. & Mrs. Fan. A Barber! Ha, ha, h a.

Mrs Fan. Can we be deceiv'd in Quality and Breeding?

L. Fan. Not know a Mechanick, a Barber, from a noble Count! very likely. *Both Laugh.*

Old. mocking them. Ha, ha, ha! You moſt abominable brace of Conceited, Affected Fools! What a Pox, my Houſe will become Ridiculous, the Scorn and Laughter of the whole Country: Here are Twenty People in Town, can prove he is a Barber.

L. Fan. Go, Doatard, go: A Barber! Ha, ha, ha!

M. Fan. O ſilly! a Barber! Ha, ha, ha. *Mondieu.*

Old. Ounds, you make me Mad, you moſt incorrigible pair of Fools. Well, for once, I'll take more care of you, than you of your ſelf: I'll have this Rogue Barber, if he be above ground, and make an Example of him. [*Exit.*

Enter Wildiſh.

Old. Here's one can tell you who your Count is.

Wild. Why, he is my Peruke-maker, and he is a Barber: I put him upon this Frolick, thinking to make Sport in the time of the Fair; but never thought it wou'd have come to Earneſt.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha: this is finely carry'd on indeed!

M. Fan. Envy, Malice! Believe a *London* Wit! a Jeerer! a Scoffer! a Shammer! ha, ha, ha.

Old. Ounds, I'll have no more Fooling about this Buſineſs: Produce this Barber; he came into my Houſe, has not gone out ſince, and you muſt have hid him.

M. Fan. I hide a man in my Apartment! *I* defie you, inſolent.

Old. I'll ſee; is he not behind the Bed? or in it? Hah, I cannot find him. He muſt be ſomewhere in theſe Rooms.

L. Fan. What can provoke you to abuſe my Daughter thus?

M. Fan. Muſt I, who have been Admir'd (I may ſay Ador'd) for Virtue, have my Reputation queſtion'd thus by you?

Old. Are you angry to be kept from marrying a Barber?

L. Fan. How dare you Domineer in my Houſe thus?

Old. Stand by, Old Fool. Who is in this Cloſet? let me ſee. [*Breaks it open.* Oh, Sheep-biter, are you here?

L. Fan. Oh Heav'n, the Count here!

M. Fan. Mon dieu! how came you here?

Old. Come, Mr. Barber, inſtead of *Monſieur Le Count.*

Cou. Vat you mean? Begar, I vill have de ſatisfaction: and, vere it not for de Reverence to de Ladee, Begar, me vou'd cut all your Troat, Morbleu.

Wild. Why, Sirrah, Raſcal, are you not my Barber and Peruke-maker? Did I not ſet you up for a Count? Is not that my Sute of Cloths?

Count. Do not provoke me to runne you trough de Bodee: me am amaze! Ventre bleu, Madam, dey be all ſtarke mad; dey Dream, and dey talk in deir Sleep: Jerny, me can no tell vat dey mean. Do dey Treat de *French* Count in *England* dus? Oh Brutal!

Wild. If you dare perſiſt in this buſineſs, I will cut your Throat infallibly.

Count. Lette me alone: Begar, you no dare be Hanga.

M. Fan. Nay, then 'tis time to ſpeak. Good Mr. Impudence, what have you to ſay to my Husband?

Old. & Wild. Your Husband!

L. Fan. Yes, Sir, her Husband: So he is.

Count. Yes, vat you ſay to dis Ladee's Husban? Ha! Morbleu!

Old. Oh thou damnable betrayer of thy Daughter! I warrant you, I'll have a Trick for him, and have him in the Pillory: you ſhall ſee your Husband peep through Wood, I warrant you. Come, Sir, let's go. *Exit* Wild. & Old.

M. Fan. He is gone with ſome wicked Deſign, or other: Let us fly.

Count. Me vill do vat you pleas, but *Monſeur le Count* did never fly before.

L. Fan. Come, haſte and eſcape, while he's gone out. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Gertrude, *and her Siſter* Philadelphia; *and Lord* Bellamy.

Phil. Had not my Siſter, againſt my will, ſurpriz'd me with the ſight of you; I ne'r had ſeen your Eyes again, but had found out ſome melancholy hole, and dy'd for ſhame.

Bell. I had been then compleatly miſerable. She's excellently Fair!

Phil. With what Confuſion muſt I look on you! I never ſhall behold you, but with a Face cover'd with bluſhes.

Bell. The infinite Honour you have done me, o'rewhelms me with ſuch ſhame; that, being conſcious how little I deſerve, I cannot bear it: But, Ma-

dam, I will never riſe from hence, till you have pardon'd me for every Command I had the Impudence to lay upon you.

Phil. There is no colour for a Pardon: I owe you all the Thanks I am capable of expreſſing; and I can forgive all the World, but my ſelf. I beſeech your Lordſhip, impute the raſhneſs of my Conduct to my Madneſs; that Madneſs which my Father drove me to, who wou'd have forc'd me to marry a Fop I hated: You I had ſeen in public places often. What mov'd me to run to you, I know not; pray think the beſt.

Gert. Come, Siſter, Comfort your ſelf; ſuch things have been done: the knowledge of this is in a narrow compaſs; you differ from your ſelf ſo in this habit, you cannot be known to have worn the other.

Bell. It is ſo much to my Advantage, that I will enquire no farther of the Cauſe; but ſuch it is, that makes me owe my Life, and all I have to you: which I ſhall proſtrate at your Feet.

Phil. My Kinſwoman, my Lady *Loveland*, had never aſſiſted me in my raſh deſign; but that, (Diſtracted) I know not how, ſhe thought I wou'd have kill'd my ſelf, had ſhe not anſwer'd my deſires.

Bell. A Thouſand Bleſſings on her.

Phil. My Lord, I beſeech you, do me the right to believe, That I intended to have dy'd e're you ſhou'd have diſcover'd me: for ſo, Heav'n knows, I did.

Bell. That was unkindly deſign'd, to lock up my chief Happineſs.

Gert. Here are ſome coming; pray retire quickly. Bell. *and* Phil. *retire.* This is a happy turn! The Houſe is in ſome Uproar, whate're's the matter.

Enter Lady Fantaſt, *Mrs.* Fantaſt, *and four Ladies.*

L. Fan. 'Tis true; this damn'd Count is a Barber! The Barber in *Cook-row* knows him, and has ſeen him often at *London.*

Mrs. Fan. I am undone for ever! Loſt! Wretched! Miſerable! Oh me! I will hide my Head within ſome Hole, and ne'r be ſeen again.

Gert. How? what, this man of Quality and Breeding, a Barber!

L. Fan. What's that to you, Minx?

Gert. Cou'd you miſtake in Quality, and Breeding!

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *Impertinante!*

1 *La.* What, marry'd to a Barber!

Gert. How? Marry'd!

2 *La.* What pity 'tis?

Enter Count.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, I ſhall burſt! He is not my Husband: I only ſaid ſo, for fear my Father-in-law and *Wildiſh* ſhou'd have Murder'd him in their Rage.

Count. Vat, you Renounce me? Begar, me vill make you know, dat me am your Husband.

Mrs. Fan. Avant, thou Impudent Fellow.

Gert. I cou'd burſt my Spleen at this; but I have more ſerious buſineſs. *Exit.*

Enter Oldwit.

Count. Is all one, Morbleu, if you no lette me have your Perſon, me vill have your Monee, Teſtebleu.

Old.

Old. Say you ſo, Sirrah? I have confin'd you from flying, and have Officers now to wait on you: and I will have your Ears, and have you whipt.

Count. Is all one for dat: me vill loose de two Earè, and be wippe two, tree, four time, for Ten Touſan pound; and, begar, me vill have de Portion, do vat you vill.

Old. Enter: here, take him away to Jayl. [*Officers Enter, and hale the Count away.*

3 *Lady.* 'Tis no great matter: ſhe was a Proud, Fantaſtick Creature.

4 *Lady.* Nay, for my part, I am glad on't.

Enter Trim, *and Sir* Humphrey.

1 *Lady.* How ſneakingly he looks! He is but a pitiful Fellow!

2 *Lady.* He looks like a Barber, methinks: Lord, that I ſhou'd not diſcover it before!

3 *Lady.* I think, I was bewitch'd, for my part.

4 *Lady.* That I ſhou'd ever take him to be a Count!

Trim. Madam, as in Duty bound, I wiſh you happy in your Choice.

Sir Hum. Madam, much Joy to you, and your Count Barber: Ha, ha, ha.

M. Fan. I'll run away, and never ſee the Face of Man again. [*Exit.*

L. Fan. Mr. *Oldwit*, farewel; Let me have my Coach, I'll never ſee *Bury*, or you, after this Hour.

Old. Who waits there? Bring the Coach and ſix Horſes to the Door; and, Grooms, be ready inſtantly.

L. Fan. Farewel for ever.

Old. We'll Kiſs at parting, faith. [*They kiſs: ſhe goes out in haſte.* Heav'n be prais'd, for this great Deliverance; no more ſhall I be plagu'd with with their damn'd Wit and Breeding!

Enter Wildiſh.

Wild. What, on your Knees?

Old. Ay, faith: and never had more Reaſon in my life.

Gert. Pray, Sir, down on your Knees once more. [*Enter Mrs.* Gertrude, *Conducting* Philadelphia, *and Lord* Bellamy *in.*

Old. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Girl?

Gert. Do you know this Face?

Old. My Daughter! Oh Heav'n! Ten Thouſand Welcoms! as many Bleſſings on thy Head! Riſe, dear Child, where haſt thou been? when did'ſt thou come? which way? I am o'erjoy'd!

Gert. Ask no Queſtions; 'tis no time to ask Queſtions: here ſhe is.

Old. Canſt thou forgive me, Child? I'll ne'r endeavour more to force thy Inclinations: Thou art free.

Phil. 'Tis I muſt ask your Pardon, Sir.

Old. Oh, name it not.

Bell. Now, Sir, can you part with what you love ſo dearly? If ſo, I beg her on my Knees?

Old. How's this? I am amaz'd! aſtoniſh'd! my Head turns round! How came this about?

Bell. By Love and Fate, that Govern every thing. I lov'd this Daughter, while she was lost to you and me: and, if she will accept of me, I have all I wish on Earth.

Old. Have I my Senses, my Lord?

Gert. Again asking Questions! Come, come, do the Duty of a Father, and bestow your Daughter, when she has, like a free Woman, chosen for her self.

Old. My Head turns round! but come, Daughter: are you willing, *Phil.*?

Phil. Yes; here I will Obey. [*Gives her hand.*

Old. All Joy be with you. I am not my self!

Wild. Joy to my Friend. This is a happy Turn!

Bell. I was Passionate to Marry the other Sister, because I lov'd her; but I think it more reasonable to Marry this, because she loves me:

Old. Call all my Servants, lay down all my Meat to the Fire, set all my Hogsheads abroach: Call in the Fidlers; let's Revel for a Month at least.

Enter Servants.

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir, a little. Madam, Madam. [*Pulls* Gert. *by the Sleeve.*

Gert. Have you any thing to say to me?

Wild. Can you find in your Heart to dispose of your Sister to my Friend, and not of your Self to me?

Gert. Time enough to think on that, after I have tam'd you, and brought you up to hand: you are too Wild for me, a great deal.

Old. Come, Daughter, let me persuade you: Let it be a general Night of Joy.

Gert. I think I had as good: he is the most Importunate Lover, I shall never be quiet for him. Well, I will Dissemble no longer: here's my Hand.

Wild. And here's my Heart: which you shall ever Reign in, while I live.

Gert. No Raptures. And know, for all my vapouring, I can obey, as well as e'r a meek, simpering Milksop on 'em all; and have ever held *Non resistance* a Doctrine fit for all Wives, tho for nobody else.

Old. Call in the Fiddlers: I am Transported! I am all Air! Sirrah, go you, and set the Bells a going in both Churches: Call in all my Neighbours, I'll have him hang'd that's Sober to Night: let every Room in my House Roar, that it may keep the whole Town awake. Here are the Fiddles: fall to Dancing presently; lose no time.

Let all this Night be spent in Mirth, and Wine. [*Dance.*
Let's lose no part of it in beastly Sleep.
This is the happy'st Day of all my Life;
I've found my Daughter, and have lost my Wife.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Mountfort.*

I *Was our* Authors Advocate *laſt year,*
And then ye very gentle did appear.
To him ye now ſhould more Indulgence ſhow,
Eight months he has been ſick, and well we know
How very little a ſick man can do.
But could he Write with never ſo much Wit,
He muſt deſpair of ſeeing a full Pit:
Moſt of our conſtant Friends have left the Town,
Bravely to ſerve their King *and* Country *gone.*
Our unfrequented Theatre *muſt mourn,*
Till the Brave Youths Triumphantly *return.*
Soft *Men of* Peace *enough are left at home,*
Daily to cram our Houſe, if they'd but come:
They eagerly elſewhere in throngs *reſort,*
Crowding for Places *in the well fill'd* Court.
Here one who has been fifty years a Knave,
Strives for a Place, *with one foot in the Grave.*
Another there, who did what e're he cou'd
Againſt the Soveraign Author of our good.
Some who rode Weſtward at leaſt ten mile: down,
Some made Blue Coats *at him, and ſtaid in Town.*
All theſe would have preferment, as if they
Had to this Glorious Change prepar'd the way:
Thus there are more admirers to each place,
Than e're a Celebrated Beauty has.
And they who cannot that advancement gain,
They think their mighty Merits *ought t' attain,*
Steal to ſome Grumbling Club, *and there complain.*

For

Pox on't, things go not well, I'll change my ſide,
I thought they would for my great Worth provide.
Pray have leſs Vanity, *and learn more* Wit,
Come here, we've Places for you all moſt fit
Within our empty Boxes and our Pit.
But you who uſe to hiſs, pray keep away,
And try to Write before you damn a Play;
'Twill then ſo hard a task to you appear,
You will not have the Heart to be ſevere.

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